

THE GATEWAY

Volume XC Number 46 Oh Boy!

Thursday, 5 April, 2001

<http://gateway.su.ualberta.ca/>

Barrie Tanner / THE GATEWAY

No, that's not from a bird. A battle-shocked troop emerges from the woods after last Sunday's Gateway paintball warfare. See page 20.

Sanctions are bad for Iraqis, says former UN secretary

Jhenifer Pabillano
Jon Dunbar
NEWS STAFF

A former United Nations Assistant Secretary-General will be offering a University audience a first-hand account of his experiences and explaining why he decided to leave his influential post.

In a talk sponsored by Project Ploughshares and the Department of Political Science, former UN Assistant Secretary-General Denis Halliday will discuss the impact of UN sanctions placed on Iraq.

"I see the present sanctions regime representing a certain bankruptcy of ideas, simplistic, unsuccessful, without the desired results," Halliday said during a speech at Harvard University in November 1998.

"And I see United Nations sanctions representing unacceptable consequences for the innocent children and people of the country—individuals that certainly had nothing to do with the invasion of Kuwait," he continued.

PLEASE SEE "SECRETARY" ON PAGE 3

Psych students analyze campus wheelchair access

Christie Tucker
NEWS EDITOR

Once in a while, a class can change the way you look at everything around you. For four Psychology students, that class was their Psych honors seminar, where they took a simple project to examine wheelchair accessibility in elevators and turned it into a crusade to improve accessibility all over campus.

Alicia Bankowski, Melissa Kehler, Melissa Reinbold-Matthews and Susan Rosencranz started their project by travelling all around campus in a borrowed wheelchair to test accessibility in University buildings.

What they found disturbed them.

"A lot of the water fountains are not accessible, a lot of doors are missing electric opening buttons, the ramps in HUB are too steep, and the buttons on the elevators are too high to reach from a wheelchair," said Bankowski.

The students were particularly upset by the Human Ecology building, which they said was only accessible by a ramp passing through the recycling depot. "People are going through garbage to get to their classes," said Bankowski.

Given the scope of their project, the group asked the class' professor to expand the size and worth of the assignment. Their 25 per cent writing assignment quickly became a project worth 50 per cent of their mark. They will be



Jon Dunbar / THE GATEWAY

The SU is planning on asking the University to replace or remove this malfunctioning wheelchair ramp.

presenting it to the University's Capital Strategic Planning Services in the hopes of garnering funding to improve the University's accessibility.

Pat Sears of the University's Specialized Support and Disability Services said that the University has a great awareness of access for people with reduced mobility, but that updating the campus is a very difficult and expensive process. "Certainly, there's been an effort to improve access, but because we're an old campus. Some things are very hard to make accessible," she said.

Sears said that it sometimes is students themselves who inadvertently interfere with access, by not giving priority to people with disabilities in elevators, or by vandalizing equipment like wheelchair lifts around campus.

PLEASE SEE "PSYCHOLOGY" ON PAGE 2



Today

8 Our future A&E Editor conducts a superconscious interview with Reveen the Impossibleist. If only she could make him use real words.

Quote for the day

One drop of love spoils a really strong batch of hate.

— Henry Rollins

This day in the Gateway's history

Gateway staff were dragged before the Discipline, Interpretation, and Enforcement Board because of a controversial April Fool's Day cover photo of three men mooning the camera. Editor Greg Neiman said that frontal pictures of nude women that the Gateway had run in the past didn't garner half as much attention.

1976

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Please note

This is the last "real" issue of the Gateway for this year. Thank you for reading what we print.

Please recycle this newspaper

Faculté expands Canadian Studies

Christie Tucker
NEWS EDITOR

The Faculty of Arts might be slashing its Canadian Studies program, but at Faculté St Jean, it's just getting stronger.

The Faculté unveiled its newest edition, the Centre d'Études canadiennes, on Monday afternoon. The centre will offer French-language classes on national issues, the study of French language education in a minority setting, and studies about the political and economic dimensions of federalism.

While interest in Canadian Studies in the Faculty of Arts has been waning in recent years, interest has been steady at the Faculté.

"We have had a lot of success with it, more so than the Faculty of Arts," said the centre's Acting Director, Edmund Auger. "It's a source of passion for many of our staff members."

However, Auger said that the opening of the centre only coincidentally coincided with the prospective closing of the Faculty of Arts' program. Currently, the Faculté offers a BA and an Honors degree in Canadian Studies.

A year ago, they submitted a request for their own Masters program. The Faculté is now trying to raise the \$1 million needed to create the Louis Desrocher Chair in Canadian Studies.

Cost was a factor in eliminating the Faculty of Arts' Canadian Studies program, but Auger said that their new centre will operate as a research facility, and won't cost the University any extra funds.

The Faculté is structured without departments, which means that professors can cross over from one discipline to the other, keeping costs down. Their current Canadian Studies program employs professors from the fields of Political Science, History, and Sociology and Economics, which Auger says brings an interdisciplinary flavour to the program.

"The Canadian theme is one of the things that unify us. It's a common link to many of the things we're all doing," he said.

The Faculté, which Premier Ralph Klein described as Alberta's best-kept secret, has offered a Canadian Studies program since 1985.

Even though, with 500 students, the Faculté St Jean is among the smallest faculties on campus, Auger said its students receive proportionally more awards. More than half attend grad school. "It's the students themselves who are enthusiastic. It's a major part of our success," he said.

THE GATEWAY

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Opinions expressed in the pages of the Gateway are expressly those of the author and do not necessarily reflect those of the Gateway.

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Andra Olson, Rotating Dog, Jhenifer Pabillano, Vianne Fung, Chris Boutet, James Elford, Kate Rossiter, Sir Adam Downloadsalot, Neil Parmar, Erika Thorkelson, Bryce Pugh, Kate Rossit-whore, Steve Lillebuen, Shaun Flannigan, Carl Schreuders, Karen Liebel, Japan, Stephanie "Cover Girl" Wanke, Tim Bulger, Fish Griwkowsky, Patrick Finlay, Brendan Procé, Alison Crysler, Collin Gallant, Dean Simmons, Albert Guillermo, Graham Bakay, Rudi Gunther, Chris Boutet, Jennifer Danilowich, Erin Ignacio, Alex LaBarda, Harvey G Thomgirt, Tony Esteves, David Hau, the Benson brothers, Lucy Liu, Stephen the angry Notley, Paul Reikie, and everybody

Snowmobike contraption returns from competition

Andra Olson
NEWS STAFF

U of A engineers have realized the ultimate toy for the adult technocrat. The love-child of a snowmobile and a sports-bike was unveiled last week to an audience of peers from across North America.

Competing in the Clean Snowmobile Challenge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, U of A engineers reworked an existing snowmobile's design. Categories included emissions testing, fuel economy/range, and overall feasibility of design.

Engineers from the U of A joined those from 13 other universities and colleges from areas such as

New York and Alaska to compete for thousands of dollars in prize money and the chance to show off their new toys.

Ryan Bailey, the project co-ordinator, said that his team was focused on "the competition's main objectives: reduce exhaust emissions by 50 per cent and reduce noise levels to below 74 decibels at 50 feet."

All of this was to be done, Bailey commented, "while maintaining the stock two-stroke performance."

To better achieve these requirements, the U of A team chose a 1998 Polaris XCR 440 Chassis and replaced the standard two-stroke

engine with a 600cc 1997 Suzuki GSX R engine. To increase the performance of the Suzuki engine, they added fuel injection, producing an estimated 80hp at 9200 rpm.

In addition to many other adjustments made to accommodate the union of bike and snow beast, students removed the stock drivers of the chassis and replaced them with an internal driver/track assembly. These adjustments allowed for a looser track that in turn increased the vehicle's torque.

The U of A placed sixth in the competition, but Bailey seemed pleased with how well Alberta's university engineers fared against other institutions. "We were one of

only four teams that passed both the emissions and noise events."

Waterloo placed first overall, winning in fuel economy, hill climb and presentation.

Prospective engineering student Robroy McSchmidt thought the project was intriguing. "I am curious to the possibility of using a 750cc GSX R engine for the same project, since I own that motorbike and I am aware of the horsepower capabilities," he said. "I hope that when I am in engineering I can work on projects such as this."

When asked if he would like to ride future project snowmobiles, McSchmidt responded, "damn straight."

Psychology project calls for reforms to campus wheelchair accessibility

"PSYCHOLOGY" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Currently, the University's access is in line with Alberta's Barrier-free Building Codes. But these four students want to see the University develop its own higher standards. They are collecting signatures to present to Planning Services that they hope will improve their chances at making a change.

A committee has already been formed by Sears's office with representatives from Capital and Strategic Planning Services to address similar issues.

The four women went to the Office of Human Rights to examine whether the University's wheelchair access discriminates against students and staff with limited mobility. They don't believe that the U of A offers barrier-free access to everyone.

"We noticed it especially when we went around in a wheelchair," said Kehler. "There were so many barriers on campus."

They students will be setting up a complaint table in SUB for students with concerns about accessibility, and collecting signatures by the end of the week.

Sears also encourages students



Marcus Bence / THE GATEWAY

These four Psych students are crusading for better wheelchair access.

with concerns to contact her.

"This is not just some assignment that gets slapped on the prof's desk," said Reinbold-Matthews. "We're going to make a change. That's the whole point."

Sears said she is happy to see the students taking the initiative for change on campus. On the University's part, she said, "the good will is there, we just need to continue to be vigilant."

At a Students' Council meeting on Tuesday, VP (Student Life) Jen

Wanke announced that she is asking for the wheelchair ramp in the pedway between SUB and Stadium Carpark to be either repaired or removed.

She told Council that she made the decision when she saw someone "roll off his wheelchair, throw his wheelchair over the stairs, and drag himself to the top."

Wanke also said she would look into moving handicap parking stalls from the seventh floor to the main floor of the carpark.

BC bus strike leaves students stranded

Mason Wright
SFO PEAK

VANCOUVER (CUP) — A bus strike in Vancouver and Victoria has left many students struggling to find alternate means of getting to class.

More than 3300 bus drivers and maintenance workers walked off the job Sunday after talks broke down between the bus company and Canadian Auto Workers locals in Vancouver. SkyTrain workers also shut down Vancouver's rapid transit service Monday.

In Victoria, 500 transit workers have been on strike since Sunday.

Third-year student and car owner Joel Schwarz said he picked up friends on his way to Simon Fraser University because of the strike. On the way, he passed many students hitchhiking to campus.

"There are so many single-[passenger] cars and I figured I could do something," he said. "Who knows how long it's going to last?"

The strike is expected to last at least until an end-of-the-week vote on the company's latest offer.

A transit strike in Calgary has left commuters without regular bus service for more than a month.

COUNCIL FORUM

Students' Council meets every second Tuesday in the Council Chambers in University Hall. Council meetings are open to all students.

The SU executives have begun to ease out of their portfolios, and their future replacements have begun to ease in. The Executive members reported on the transition with the incoming Exec.

Many of the faculty associations have recently held their annual elections, so transition is going on campus-wide.

Other business

• VP (Academic) and President-elect Chris Samuel said that General Faculties Council's executive committee approved a proposal to put students on professorial hiring committees. The main body of GFC adjourned before hearing the proposal, however. It will be on the agenda for the next GFC meeting, which is at the end of May.

• Samuel expressed concern with GFC striking down a part of the amendments to the Code of Student Behavior which would have allowed

students to have an advisor present at meetings with professors about academic dishonesty.

• He also said that he was displeased with a letter printed in the Gateway on Thursday ("SU reps shouldn't award themselves"), which was critical of the number of SU employees who received awards from the SU. He remarked that he was disgusted by the student's comments on "the incestuous relationship that exists between the SU Executive and the SU Awards Committee."

"That student," said Samuel, "to put it lightly, is uninformed about the nomination committee."

Samuel said that he will have a response prepared soon.

• President Leslie Church announced that Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Stefan Dion will be speaking in the lobby of Myer Horowitz Theatre.

• VP (Student Life) Jen Wanke pre-

sented a report to Council on the Canadian University Press (CUP), of which the Gateway is a member. Wanke, who had recently attended the national CUP conference, said she was asked to leave conference sessions due to a perceived conflict of interest.

She wanted to revoke the Gateway's membership in CUP and prevent the current year's payment from being made.

Gateway Editor-in-Chief Dan Lazin said that it would be illegal not to pay CUP fees for this year, since the paper has already received a year's worth of services. He also explained that CUP's services are important in training editors.

Arts Councillor and VP (Ops & Finance)-elect Jamie Speer asked how the editors would receive training in libel law. Wanke replied that the Gateway's libel insurance would suffice in keeping the paper free from libel.

• VP (Ops & Finance) Gregory Harlow put forth a change to the constitution to reduce the referendum fee paid toward the Access Fund from \$14.92 per term per full-time student to \$12.69—the maximum decrease permitted by Council's recent constitutional amendments, at 15 per cent.

According to Harlow, the Access Fund had a surplus reserve that would grow to multimillion-dollar proportions within a few years. Harlow said that having a large surplus would be problematic for the SU. "It's hard to claim we're a poor and impoverished organization when we have a \$60 million reserve," he said.

Absent without proxy

Richard Kwok (Arts), Erika Hoffman (Business), Paul Chaput (Business), Leah Ganes (Rehabilitation Medicine), and Tashie Macapagal (Athletics).

Compiled by Jon Dunbar

Secretary quit over UN's Iraqi sanctions

"SECRETARY" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Halliday served as the UN's Humanitarian Coordinator in Iraq in 1997. But he resigned from the organization in protest over the UN sanctions' effects on the Iraqi people.

The sanctions, imposed in 1990, denied Iraqi access to oil sales. Losing this crucial revenue, Iraqi purchasing power was greatly weakened, especially in regard to maintaining adequate food supplies and providing citizens with proper health care.

Following his resignation, Halliday began actively speaking out against the Iraqi sanctions. For the past two years, Halliday has used his speaking engagements

to implore the UN to remove the economic embargo and to draw attention to the plight of the Iraqi people.

"I can find no legitimate justification for sustaining economic sanctions under these circumstances," Halliday said during his Harvard speech. "To do so in my view is to disregard the high principles of the United Nations Charter, the Convention of Human Rights, the very moral leadership and the credibility of the United Nations itself."

Halliday believes that although it may have not been the intent, the sanctions have targeted the civilian population of Iraq. "Particularly infants and children ... are being

hit by United Nations sanctions with appalling consequences," he said.

According to Halliday, 6000 to 7000 Iraqi children die each month from causes attributed to the sanctions.

Project Ploughshares is an organization from the Institute of Peace and Conflict Studies at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario. They promote disarmament and demilitarization, the peaceful resolution of political conflict, and the pursuit of security based on equity, justice, and a sustainable environment.

Halliday's address will be in the Tory Turtle at 7:00pm on Saturday.

News in Review

JANUARY

Tuition rises less than normal

The Board of Governors approved a 3.2-per-cent tuition increase for the coming year. That was down from previous proposals of 5.7-per-cent and 3.7-per-cent increases. The final reduction to 3.2 per cent—the lowest increase in years—came after a \$5.5 million contribution from the provincial government and a failed motion to raise fees by a greater amount. Over 100 students protested at the meeting.

Flaw alleged in new building

A former contractor for one of the companies working on the new Engineering Teaching and Learning Centre alleged that there was a flaw in some of the building's structural elements. Meanwhile, the U of A's project manager stated that the flaws were caught and corrected before the trusses were installed. Later, construction workers reinforced the allegedly problematic welds with bolts.

FEBRUARY

DeVry gets degree status

The provincial government for the first time allowed a private school to grant degrees. The DeVry Institute of Technology, a US-based institution that operates a Calgary campus, was given the privilege to give Alberta students expanded choices, the government said. Critics said the approval would create a two-tiered system.

Gateway referendum rejected

Students' Council voted down a motion for a referendum on giving the Gateway autonomy from the Students' Union. The Gateway's petition on the matter was deemed several hundred signatures short.

Ex-student arrested in China

A former U of A student and Gateway photographer, Sam Price, was arrested along with another Canadian student during a Beijing protest against China's occupation of Tibet. The two were protesting on behalf of Students for a Free Tibet.

Compiled by Vianne Fung

MARCH

Gunman taken down

A former student was arrested on campus after a police tip suggested that he would be violently avenging personal conflicts on campus. The vehicle that had been reported as stolen by the suspect was spotted by Parking Services. The student has been charged with armed robbery and three weapons charges.

New grading scale approved

General Faculties Council agreed to replace the current nine-point grading scale with a four-point scale intended to be standardized across the province. The new system will be in place for September 2003.

References must be released

For the first time, students will be allowed to see academic references written for them by professors. The Information and Privacy Commissioner ruled that a U of A student's right to see her reference letters superceded the professors' rights to privacy.

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EDITORIAL

The media's rules are the best lesson I have

At the end of his term as Editor-in-Chief some 41 years ago (I am at that point now), Joe Clark wrote that his year would be remembered primarily as one of masturbation.

I have no idea what that means, and I'm not going to dwell on it particularly long. Much less prominent editors have likely said much more intelligent things; if I were going to muse on my predecessors' teachings, I would pick someone besides Clark.

But Clark is relevant because he learned several very important lessons during his tenure. They serve him well as a politician today. And they're about as useful of lessons as you can get, so I will quickly summarize them for those (that's most people) who haven't been me for the past year:

Firstly, though journalists may be nice people, they are not your friends, unless they're on television. Friendliness does not help us do our jobs. As a consequence, do not tell us incriminating things about yourself (particularly if you're a public figure) if you don't wish them to be public information. Not having a tape recorder in hand does not mean that we aren't listening with a critical ear.

Next, do not assume that something is "off the record" unless we tell you it is. That's just how it works. It's fine for things to be off the record sometimes—private

knowledge is better than no knowledge at all—but make sure that we agree first. Most of us tend to be pretty nice about that, because we aren't in the business of taking advantage of ignorant chumps—most of the time. Watch out for the exceptions.

Thirdly, don't accuse us of libel or lack of journalistic integrity if you can't define either and weren't aware of the above two rules. We take our jobs seriously—hence the never-being-off-duty part—and don't take kindly to allegations of malpractice. We commit a lot of libel—but libel is usually legal. Being critical is part of the job, and the law recognizes that. And don't ever accuse us of slander—that's impossible, and it makes you look like a fool. Read a law textbook.

Fourthly—and this is getting more into the small, petty, egotistical part of this lesson—don't ever call a newspaper a "newsletter." It's offensive. Similarly, do not call up and ask if this is "the University advertising vehicle." (You're looking for VIDS.)

That's about it. I've always thought that the student press ought to be more about learning than the regular media. Please forgive our learning curve, and we'll forgive yours. Happy summer.

Dan Lazin
Editor-in-Chief



LETTERS

Capitalist textbook waste is sickening

The other day, a friend and I were walking behind the Bookstore in SUB when we saw a handful of people foraging inside a large, green dumpster.

As it turned out, they were opening cardboard boxes that had been tossed out by the Bookstore. Inside the boxes they discovered roughly one hundred brand-new textbooks. Some had the original prices on them, and the prices ranged upwards of \$120. Personally, I took several books, some of which are incredibly useful first-year calculus and engineering texts. Other textbooks included History, Psychology, Law, Marketing and Management, as well as several higher-level mathematics texts.

Although I am happy with acquiring these texts for free (essentially, by stealing from the Bookstore's garbage property), I am disgusted at the waste the Bookstore has shown. There are students who don't have money for food, not to mention books. Even if the texts were being thrown out because new editions were to be sold, poor students would love to see those textbooks on their shelves instead of in the garbage. There are numerous charity programs that send textbooks to third-world countries as well. Could they not benefit from having these books?

Eventually, someone from the Bookstore came out and sealed off the bin, telling us to go away. The

following day, I went back to the bin to see if new books were being discarded and I asked the guy who stormed out to scare me away why they could not give those books away. He ignored the first six requests for an answer and finally said "cause we're not supposed to."

Although it has been going on since the inception of capitalism, the concept of throwing out and destroying surplus goods instead of selling them off cheaply or giving them away for free still makes me sick! I am very interested to hear the real reason why those books had to be destroyed instead of given away or sold at discount prices.

AARON SLEPKOV
PHYSICS GRADUATE STUDIES

Racism isn't as obvious as it once was

I read both articles on racism published in the *Gateway* on 22 March, and I must say racism is still as prevalent as ever. I tried to be very objective in reading both articles, but I drew my own conclusions.

I strongly disagree with Gary Allen's point that "racism is not a huge force in our society." That is easy for a person who has not been affected by racism to say.

As a black person, or the often termed "visible minority," I am

faced with oppression on a day-to-day basis. Racism today is not the same as it used to be. People express racism in very subtle ways—ways which people in the majority won't even recognize. I am really angry at people who say racism doesn't exist anymore. They don't know what they are talking about.

I think Allen is turning a blind eye. He doesn't want to admit that the problem of racism exists and that millions of people have to put up with this shit everyday—just because they are different. And who says we are different, anyway?

People need to stop looking at a person's colour on the outside and look at what's inside! We have lots of beautiful people out there who just want to be treated like human beings and not objects or someone who is seen as different.

T EDWARDS

Illness isn't criminal

Surely, we're not the only students outraged by the blatant discrimination behind the 13 March Campus Crime Beat section in your paper.

As a refresher those of you who may not remember, one of the episodes, "Ill man escorted off campus," stated that a man with an extensive criminal record under treatment for HIV and Hep C was kicked off of campus.

We wonder why he was asked to leave. The article failed to tell us what this man was doing. His behavior needs clarification.

Was he acting inappropriately or were we just afraid that he might somehow contaminate our lovely campus with AIDS?

It's embarrassing that his health was somehow relevant information and perhaps grounds for his removal from campus.

We would have thought that in a university setting, filled with highly educated people, this ignorant discrimination would be less likely to occur. How exactly did Campus Patrol Services learn about his illness anyway? Is this now a part of routine questioning?

We hope that in the future, the *Gateway* will refrain from contributing to the discrimination and stigma that surrounds HIV/AIDS.

ANIKA HENDERSON
ALANNA CHELMICK

No time to deal with whiny photographers

This is a response to Fish Griwowski's article from 3 April ("No-camera rule in SU bars is a snapshot of fascism"). Since I know neither the SU nor management will respond, I have taken it upon myself to do so. I work at the Power Plant; in fact, I was one of the door staff that dealt with the situation in question. I had wanted to write a scathing attack against Mr Griwowski personally, but after some internal forwards and replies, I have decided to address the issue that was meant to be the point of the article.

I will concede that the policy of

no cameras is a questionable one. But the point is that it is a policy, and a policy that I am paid to enforce. If a patron doesn't agree with this policy, they have two options. They can either accept it grudgingly, or they can find another bar to frequent. You have to remember it is a privilege to be in the Plant, not a right. Given the fact that it is a privilege, by entering the premises one is agreeing to comply with the rules and regulations set forth by the establishment. When you became indignant when approached (politely) about the no-camera policy, you labeled yourself as someone that could end up causing trouble. You wanted to know the reasons for the policy and that's fine. But bar staff are not the people to be debating with—SU policymakers are.

We have neither the time nor the desire to spend half our night arguing with you when you amount to 1/450 of the total number present on a Friday night.

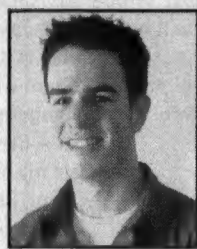
CHAD McDONELL
GENETICS IV

Letters to the editor should be dropped off at room 0-10 of the Students' Union Building, or e-mailed to managing@su.ualberta.ca.

The *Gateway* reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of letters it deems racist, sexist, libelous, or otherwise hateful in nature.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 350 words in length and include the name, student identification number, program, and year of study of the author, to be considered for publication.

Student painting ain't a good summer job



Brendan Procé

Halfway through my first year of university, I decided that I no longer wanted to work in the grocery business where I'd happily toiled the past three summers. I wanted a job with more responsibility and financial reward, so I responded to a newspaper ad promising management experience and \$7000 to \$20 000 in summer earnings for university students with no previous experience.

I was hooked—at least until I realized that my chances of winning the lottery were probably better than achieving the success they promised.

Outwardly, the student painting companies boast no lie. It's possible to earn what they promise, and I did so. What they don't tell

After you buy a car, service it endlessly, feed it gasoline like Jughead feeds himself burgers, advertise like you think you know what you're doing, and compensate your overworked, underpaid staff, you're not left with much.

you right away, and what they like to shrug off as small things during their training seminar, are the incurred expenses that shrink your net profit. After you buy a car, service it endlessly, feed it gasoline like Jughead feeds himself burgers, advertise like you think you know what you're doing, and compensate your overworked, underpaid staff, you're not left with much.

Maybe satisfaction is drawn from other facets of the job, just like the satisfaction that artists draw from their work. As a student painter manager, your day-to-day affairs will include, among other things, such pleasures as telemarketing (gotta get them commercial leads!) and knocking on doors.

See, you'll come to love knocking on doors, or so your friends will think, because that's what you'll be doing with every moment of your spare time. If you're passionate about badgering people on the phone or interrupting people

during their favorite television program, then satisfied you will be!

Further, unlike your average nine-to-five job, you're not on any kind of salary. That's right—all of your hard work could go for naught! The beauty of the business is that the risk for the company that you work for is minimal, because they earn their dollars by hacking a royalty off of your jobs. In other words, if they don't earn, neither do you! And while some companies may offer a "guaranteed earnings floor" for the summer, it covers very little of your costs.

But, of course, there are success stories. Unfortunately, these people who usually do well are completely insane. My manager told me a story of a guy who made so much and worked so hard that he couldn't return to school the following year. He had become a vegetable. So yeah, a few people succeed. But it'd probably best if you didn't try.

So long, and thanks for nothing



Christie Tucker

A lying, thieving, scumbag once said, "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." Well, the U of A won't have Tucker to kick around anymore, either.

This is my last issue as news editor for the rest of my life. After four years of peddling news at the *Gateway*, I've seen a lot of crap go on that I couldn't comment about because of my position at the paper. News writers have to remain impartial—yes, even at the *Gateway*.

I feel that in a way, by keeping quiet about the little evils I witnessed, I might have been dishonest not only with myself, but also with you, the readers.

Of course, the classy thing to do might be to just talk about the pos-

itive things about working at the *Gateway* and finishing my degree. I could talk about how much I like the people who work at Kim's #1 in SUB, or Gyan and Tony, the custodians. Yup, that would be pretty classy alright.

But as a student journalist, being classy is the least of my job requirements. A more important part of my job is to present students with a full assessment of campus life and the people and things that affect it. And that is what I intend to do now: here are the three that have made that experience the worst, but been told so the least.

1 Provincial Learning Minister Lyle Knute Oberg. I don't know why this guy is more detestable—for the fact that he picked a fight with a tiny female Bill 41 protestor, and, according to several of her friends, shouted, "You're a student? Well, I'm a fucking doctor and you're a disgrace," or the fact that he repeatedly maintains that "tuition isn't the problem, debt is the problem." Tuition isn't the problem? What the hell do you think we're spending that student loan money on, Beanie Babies?

2 University Associate VP

(Academic) Anne-Marie Decore. Not the most high-profile administrator, Decore manages to be the rudest phone interview on the planet. For someone whose job requires that she answer the occasional question from timid and admittedly ignorant student journalists, this pit bull has one hell of an iron jaw. Her nastiness can hardly be compatible with fulfilling her duty of keeping the world informed about the University's actions.

3 The University's administrative software, PeopleSoft. We've received countless complaints about this overpriced electronic disaster. It was responsible for graduate students missing paycheques and for collecting extra tuition from students, among other things—almost as if it was programmed to commit evil acts. Hmmm. This money-pit doesn't work, and millions of University dollars have been spent to get it up to speed. That's a lot of cash that could have been used for better things, like lowering tuition, decreasing class sizes or giving me a fancy goodbye party. Jeez—what a bunch of ungrateful jerks.

Truth hurts, but it's better than hiding

Jon Dunbar

This will be remembered in the *Gateway*'s history as perhaps one of its darkest years. It will also be remembered as one of its finest. We did face adversity on a weekly, sometimes daily (sometimes hourly) basis. Through all the adversity, we've thrived. After all, reporters live for disaster.

When I started this news editor job a year ago, a major complaint of this paper was that it didn't adequately cover the happenings of the Students' Union.

There's been a lot more SU coverage, consequently. And there's also been a lot more administrative

turmoil between this paper and its SU publishers.

I think readers have figured out the relationship we have with the SU. I hope this conflict hasn't diluted our objectivity too much. In order to serve a population as diverse as a university, reporters must alienate themselves from all political pretensions.

Although an emphasis on base objectivity is important, the final focus should be on truth, because substantiated truth is the only objective thing. When a body errs—partisan or otherwise—the public needs to know. It needs to know that the SU is capable of, and known to make, errors. It needs to know that the Alberta Tories make

false promises for post-secondary education that they clearly won't keep until next time they need to get re-elected. In fairness, it should also know that a growing number of BC citizens hate their NDP leaders. Not just in fairness, because fairness is not objective—in truth.

Although I've faltered in my objectivity along the way, I think that the truth is what has ultimately been portrayed. In doing so, we've managed to alienate everyone's beliefs at different times.

In the future, I'd like to equalize that alienation even more. Doing so will only mean that we're continuing to foster understanding of truth—after all, everyone falters sometimes.

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Toast, cats, Transformers, repeat



Chris Foucault

I've just nonsensically filled blank space using this simple formula: toast, cats, Transformers, repeat. Stupid? You try telling me it's not. I know it's stupid, but it's fun.

Wow, so it sure has been a long year, huh? Ha ha! Like, really long! But I think I can say without hyperbole that I'm going to miss all of you—my loyal readers—so much that I'll probably blow my brains out the day that school gets out.

Actually, that's not true at all, is it? Suicide, much like watching your mom sing Barry Manilow's "Copacabana" naked, is never an option. But anyhow: long year. Yes.

But if it was so fucking long, how come I've got so much work to do that I'm seriously considering making a sofa-cushion fort and living out my days in blissful retardation? It can't be because I'm a bad student. I like to blame society. And this cursed newspaper.

You see, I've been with this publication longer than most of you have spent thinking about getting a haircut, and really, what have I brought to you? Any new insights, reforms, ways of thinking? Not really. In fact, you might say that I've just nonsensically filled blank space using this simple formula: toast, cats, Transformers, repeat.

Stupid? You try telling me it's not. I know it's stupid, but it's fun.

Anyhow, through some bizarre twist of fate, I have procured the position of Managing Editor next

year. Actually, I won it from Mike Winters in a pit-battle where we were dressed up like gladiators and had nets and tridents for weapons.

Customarily, the Managing Editor pit-fight is fought to the death, but I spared Winters' life in exchange for a bag of Cheetos Paws. I'm still waiting for that bag, Mike. Don't make me break into your creepy bachelor suite and impale you with my giant fucking trident while you're eating a can of soup.

So what can you expect the Opinion section to look like under my cruel and oppressive hand? Well, I plan to put a large number of "words" into boxes, and then arrange them to form sentences. These "sentences" will then be thusly compiled to seem as though they have a slight glimmer of "sentience," and maybe even some sort of "point." And then I'll go to lunch.

I am confident that my section, when viewed from roughly fifty yards away, will look slightly grayer than an empty page. All because of words.

Well, that's all I have time to say: I have to get back to not doing any schoolwork now. Thanks to everybody who read my articles, and a special thanks to those of you who wrote all those schizophrenically incoherent letters about my articles. I'm afraid to go to sleep at night now! Ha ha! Hmm.

Isolation doesn't allow good news



Collin Gallant

If you turn to page two of this paper, you'll notice something besides the news. In the masthead, underneath the editors' names, there is a strange little logo proclaiming that this paper is a member of the Canadian University Press.

For those unfamiliar with the organization—that means the vast majority of students—CUP was created by student newspapers across the country to exchange expertise and run a newswire (similar to the Canadian Press).

For a relatively small fee, \$5000 in the Gateway's case, newspapers large and small have access to national news, legal assistance, and a national advertising contract.

As the latest chapter of the strange, haggard, and seemingly endless relationship between SU VP (Student Life) Jen Wanke and the Gateway, Wanke is now of the opinion that the Gateway and its current publisher, the SU (their logo is also in the masthead), would somehow be better off by not only ending the membership, but also refusing to pay for the current year's fees.

As proof of this, she points to the Gateway's sister paper in Calgary, the Gauntlet, which she called "one of the best newspapers in the country," noting that they aren't in CUP.

The Gauntlet is a very good newspaper. I should know, I was its Editor-in-Chief last year. But the only thing not up for debate in her statement is that paper's membership in CUP, and that might be out of date by the start of next year.

Perhaps she meant "best" in a financial sense. It's true that the Gauntlet is among the most secure student papers in the country. Over the last three years, the Gauntlet has posted consecutive surpluses of over \$30 000. This not due to their reluctance to join CUP but rather due to their autonomy from the U of C Students' Union. The paper employs several full-time staff whose main concern is to keep the Gauntlet in the black. Autonomy is a whole other can of worms.

The Gauntlet is very good at what it wishes to do, but, frankly, what it wishes is not very ambitious. Its national news is superficial, and its campus news is little better. Perhaps this is a result of being in Calgary, where student apathy is of mythical proportions, but it's more likely a symptom of self-imposed isolation.

Ending the Gateway's relationship with CUP will harm news coverage, period. There is no logic that supports pulling the Gateway out of CUP to save a mere \$5000, considering the largesse of the SU's vaunted \$9 million budget.

I have to believe that Wanke's sudden disillusionment with the Gateway's membership is based more on her personal agenda than on her recent reinvention as a media expert. She is grasping at straws in yet another attempt to impose herself as overlord of the newspaper.

THE BURLAP SACK

The most vituperous sacking of this year will be upon the coke-eyed punks who stole my bike last week. The two or three of them will now be piled into the sack together and thrown into the river—likely the same place they've left my bike.

Here's the thing, you herpetical eunuchs: I have 9000km on that bike in two years. I rode it from Victoria to New York, and loved it more than anyone will ever appreciate your pathetic little souls.

But I can't even be bothered with you to insult you beyond that. Just go away, and don't ever come inside my building again.

The anti-Burlap Sack, meanwhile, goes to Cameron at Canada Life Casualty Insurance, who is the nicest insurance adjuster I've yet to meet. Thanks, buddy.

Even more deserving than he is my pal Jeff, who, upon hearing my plight, brought me the best damn bike seat ever made. Very cool.

Junbar intercedes: "This one goes out to the sickos who put their pets in garbage bags and drop them off on the Whitemud. Just because your fucking kids want a turtle, you tie up your 'existing' pet and leave him in traffic. What did you think would happen—your baby kitten would be hilariously squished flat like in a cartoon? No. He explodes. Idiot." Thanks, Jon. Let's do that to those thieves.

DAN LAZIN

The Burlap Sack is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to be put in a sack and beaten is ridiculed in print. No sack beatings are actually administered.

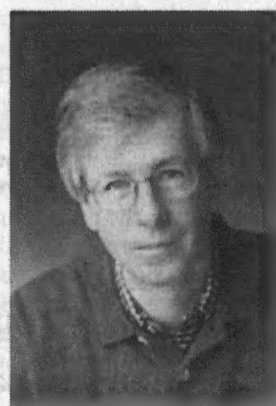


LECTURE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Honourable Stéphane Dion
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When: Thursday, April 12th
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Where: Myer Horowitz Theatre,
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The University of Alberta Students' Union is proud to host a lecture by the Honourable Stéphane Dion, Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs. Minister Dion will be addressing the future of Canadian federalism and Alberta's function in our modern state. A question and answer session will follow his speech. Light refreshments will be served.

Some parting advice: drop out of school



Mikey Winters

I could babble on about how I love the *Gateway* and how the experience of working here changed my life. But I won't. To me, it was just another job.

It was just another job in which I worked overtime, was underpaid and sacrificed weeks and weeks of class time just to—hm ... wait a minute. I guess, in the end, I really do like the *Gateway*.

And now, after five years, this old codger is leaving. As a fledgling journalist-type guy, my eyes have developed callouses (somehow) from reading too many libertarian pro-pot pieces, blood-bank news stories and cartoons (especially my own) that invariably have a spuzzing dink for a punchline. In other words, it's time to leave.

But I do have some parting advice that I, as an aimless young Arts major, wished I had received earlier: drop out. The second I started to write for the *Gateway* was the moment I actually cared about what I was learning in my Political Science or English classes. And that is only because I had to be interested in order to write. Before that, I couldn't study for any of my classes and I just scraped by.

Many students have the same problem with motivation simply because it's not not applied learning. Rather than wander through the first half of your degree, save your pennies until you're sure of what you want.

Some people don't enter university until their mid-twenties and are better students for it. "Life experience" or whatever it is (more likely, it's just the fear of getting

old that panics people into doing something), is what really makes us interested in learning more.

Of course, simply getting old is not the only way to gain experience. One can decide, at a young age in a big university, to participate in organizations outside their classes—where our real education begins. Whether it's the *Gateway* or Safewalk, volunteering is the quickest way to find some semblance of community here on campus, meet some people and maybe learn something.

I don't want to sound (although I most certainly do) like some brochure written by my dad entitled

"Getting Involved," but it's the best advice I can offer upon graduating.

Aside from that, I did have some hot tips on where to get some free, yet illegal, parking on campus. But, seeing as how publishing their location would ruin them forever, people can just e-mail me to find out. Besides, I need the spots for a few weeks yet.

If you didn't figure it out, this is my way of saying thanks for letting me soil your student rag for so many years. I actually learned something.

Did YOU? Duh.

Dave Alexander's TOP TWENTY

Signs that *Gateway* editors have gone crazy

- 20 Editor-in-Chief Dan Lazin tries to print the last issue on his pants. Luckily, they jam in the printer.
- 19 We make our on-screen corrections with a felt pen.
- 18 Sports Editor Barrie Tanner runs a feature on the Bears, except it has nothing to do with sports or humans.
- 17 Everyone starts dressing like cast members of *Cats*.
- 16 News Editor Christie Tucker starts yelling at furniture, accusing an ottoman of being sexist.
- 15 The name of the paper is officially changed to the *Goo-Goo-Ga-Ga*.
- 14 Circulation Manager Ray Biesinger proposes to every member of Les Tabernacles—simultaneously.
- 13 The well of tears is nearly full.
- 12 Managing Editor Mike Winters only runs his own stuff in the opinion section ... actually, this is normal.
- 11 Does anyone else smell toast?
- 10 Production Editor Skip saves all of his feces in a jar labeled "Production."
- 9 We publish our own Memories of the SU feature and it's full of praise.
- 8 Photo Editor Marcus Bence drinks developer and brags about taking a picture of his own soul.
- 7 Campus Crime Beat is full of stories about the Hamburgler.
- 6 Features Editor Jimmy Jeong declares himself an antique and moves into a museum.
- 5 Front page headline: Quick, look behind you! A scary clown!
- 4 News Editor Jon Dunbar starts acting totally normal.
- 3 The final issue is printed in Klingon: machechmo' vay' ram wISaH
- 2 I start writing a really long, self-indulgent ... Hey! Quit fucking staring at me! I don't need this shit—fine, be that way. I'm fuckin' outta here ...
- 1 I don't see if I care. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Okay, I'm back, but I'm UPSIDE DOWN! Have a good summer, or

Yahoo?

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Just a reminder for Students who have yet to claim their opt-out contributions for the Fall term; you may still do so at SUB Titles in the Students' Union Building until April 20th, 2001. You will need to bring your One Card with you to claim your contribution.

For more information about the Access Fund, please visit our website at www.su.ualberta.ca/accessfund/ or send e-mail to accessfund@su.ualberta.ca for more information.



Your SU Awards

Excellence Still Prevails

Dear Students,

This past Tuesday, a rather scathing letter was printed in the Gateway by Mr. Paul Conquest regarding the Students' Union award selection process. While all students are entitled to their opinion, unfortunately Mr. Conquest's is based on grossly inaccurate information. In an effort to set the record straight, I wanted to explain the Students' Union awards selection process.

The Students' Union offers to all undergraduate students monetary awards (there are seventeen in total). These awards are advertised in November and the application deadline is in February. To apply, a student simply must submit their resume, two reference letters, and an essay outlining why they qualify for an award. The selection of the award recipients is then determined by the Awards Selection Committee. This Committee is composed of the Academic Affairs Coordinator as Chair, the Vice President Academic, one Students' Union Councillor and four Students at Large. Unfortunately, Mr. Conquest's letter incorrectly stated the composition of this Committee, which proves that he is uninformed and thus unqualified to make any statements about the awards selection process.

In any event, due to this composition, the Committee is perfectly able to act both professionally and honestly. Only the Vice President Academic and the Academic Affairs Coordinator may be perceived as possessing any political allegiances. The Councillor and the Students at Large function as an audit mechanism. All of this, however, is quite irrelevant because it assumes that all members of the Committee are acting deviously, and I wholeheartedly disagree with such a disgusting assumption. Having the unique opportunity to work quite closely with the Awards Selection Committee this year, I will personally attest to the integrity of each Committee member. At all times during our deliberations, Committee members acted judiciously and in the best interests of students. Furthermore, these deliberations did not take a few hours, but rather a few days. Realizing the importance of these awards, the Committee scrutinized every single award application, thoroughly debated the merits of each candidate against each award criteria, and only then selected the student who the Committee strongly felt was truly qualified.

In his poorly researched letter, Mr. Conquest also takes issue with the fact that individuals who are, or were, involved with the Students' Union received awards. According to the award bylaws, current Executive members, Coordinators and Service Directors are strictly prohibited from even applying for an award. Also, the award bylaws clearly stipulate that the main criteria for receiving an award is contributing significantly to student life,

whether it is through campus athletics, Faculty Associations, student groups, or even volunteering for the Students' Union. Now believe it or not, but most former and current Councillors, as well as former Executives, lead quite involved lives outside of the Students' Union. In fact, most of these individuals are quite active in their respective Faculty Associations, in numerous student groups, and other charitable organizations.

Are we then to disqualify these well qualified candidates for the simple reason that they decided to answer the call of public duty and represent their constituents on student government? I should hope not. Moreover, it is very rare for former Councillors and Executives to personally know and influence current Councillors. It is just not that incestuous.

Finally, the decisions of the Awards Selection Committee must be ratified by Students' Council, the legislative arm of the Students' Union, which is composed of approximately forty-five students from different Faculties. To suggest, as Mr. Conquest did, that the "SU [is] unduly influencing its own in the award selection process" is to insinuate that Students' Council, the watchdog over all Students' Union activities, is corrupt. Again, I must wholeheartedly disagree with such a disgusting assumption. To prove my point, if Mr. Conquest read the minutes from the meeting when Students' Council approved the award recipients, he would have discovered that all of the Councillors who received an award abstained from voting.

In closing, I call upon Mr. Conquest to fully investigate an issue before he makes such damning claims, to apologize to the members of the Awards Selection Committee, to apologize to the members of Students' Council, and to also apologize to the award recipients. In addition, I challenge Mr. Conquest to take the time to sit on the Awards Selection Committee so that he can experience first hand the dedication and integrity that all Committee members bring to the award selection process.

Thank you,



Chris Samuel
Vice President Academic
University of Alberta Students' Union

SAFEWALK

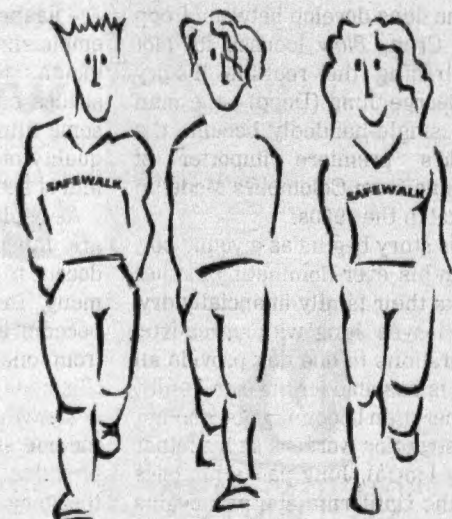


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"When you play at full maximum force it feels like you're jizzing," explains vocalist Kevin Fletcher of Cool Blue Method. The sixth year Education student describes "jizz" as "the electric love juice that keeps the world spinning—it's the fluid that's the most essential, most undilutable, purest thing in the universe. ... It's the source of all creative essence in the universe."

The jizz that runs Cool Blue Method also comes from guitarist Ryan Andrew, and identical twins Ben Dodes on drums and Josh Dodes on bass, whom Fletcher describes as the "meat in the sandwich" of the band. He adds, "[the twins] have a dynamic between them which is unlike anything I've seen before."

Ben believes that an essential part of this dynamic is onstage quarrelling between brothers that makes Noel and Liam Gallagher look like "angels."

The sometimes antagonistic brothers along with Andrew had been together as a band for eight years when they met Fletcher, at an open stage gig. They clicked, took the name Cool Blue Method at a friend's suggestion and have been gigging regularly for the last

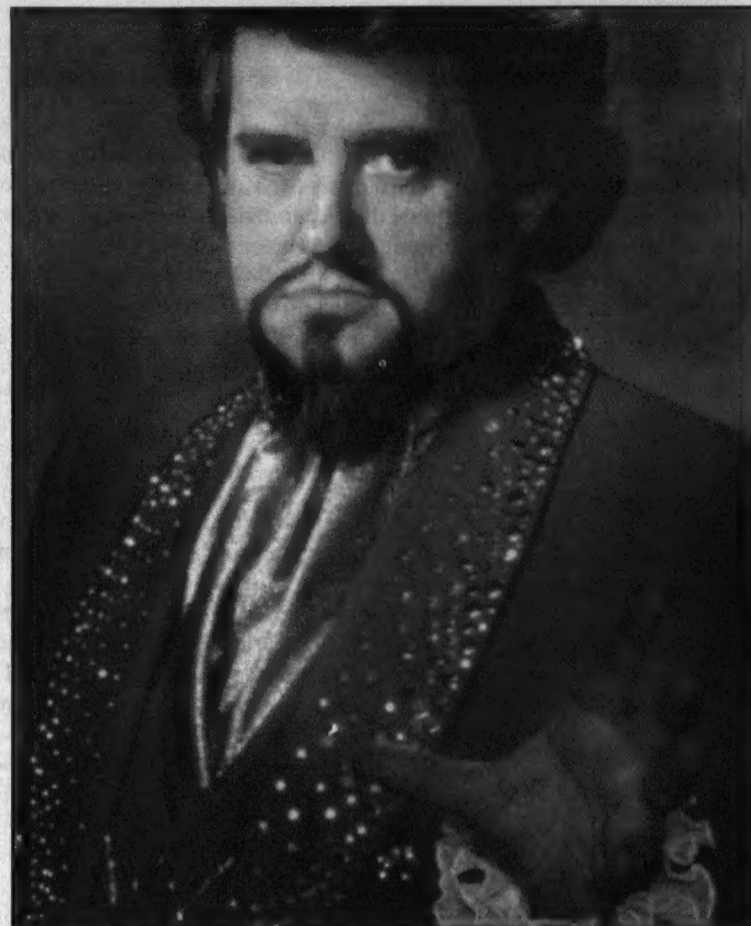
couple of years. When asked about the sound that the foursome came up with, Fletcher described it as "intergalactic hillbilly pagan gospel porno punk—basically it's music written while drinking beer." However, he does qualify this by specifically labeling their sound as "loud campy party music."

The band's stage show reflects such a wild musical description. They encourage audience participation, taking suggestions and making up songs as they go, which often produces bizarre results. "One time I had a girl come up and do a fake orgasm, and she started screaming her lungs off, and just about blew the speaker system. ... It got a standing ovation, people just started standing up and clapping," notes the singer.

Fletcher doesn't mind that their improvisational style sometimes leads to mistakes because he feels that the bad experiences are as valuable as the good ones. "That's where it starts to become very real, and I think through making these terrible mistakes we become stronger. We've played so badly that I cannot believe that we are so-called 'professional musicians,' but then sometime we'll pick it back up and play something really brilliant just minutes later."

"We will play anywhere, anytime," Fletcher proudly states. Currently, the band plays every Thursday for free at the Druid.

So what is the glue that holds Cool Blue Method together? As Fletcher states: "the band that jizzes together stays together."



Give in to the power of Reveen

**HYPNOTIST
PREVIEW**

**The Superconscious
World of Reveen**
Jubilee Auditorium
22 to 26 April

Erika Thorkelson
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

In his more than 40 years of touring, Reveen has avoided all those entertainment clichés about stormy relationships and temper tantrums. On the phone, he sounds like any proud father and grandfather, eagerly telling the story of how he used his powers to hypnotize his wife of 42 years, Coral, so that the birth of each of his four sons were totally painless and announcing with pride that he's expecting the birth of his sixth grandchild soon.

In true grandfatherly style, he brags that his show has always been a success without lowering itself to "blue humor," which is a nice way of saying that he won't be hypnotizing anyone to think that they're having an orgasm. "I can tell a good joke like anybody," he says, "but I don't believe that kind of thing belongs on stage."

Of course, this doesn't stop his subjects from introducing racy material when under suggestion. One of Reveen's most popular tricks involves hypnotizing people and then asking them to act out what they will be doing in ten years. He remembers a particular lady in Vancouver who cracked up the audience with her pick. "I didn't know why [she made everyone laugh] until I found out afterwards that she was going around greeting people saying 'I am Vancouver's greatest madame'—it turned out that she was the wife of the attorney general of the province."

Though he hasn't been to Edmonton since going into semi-retirement five years ago, if you add up all of Reveen's visits over the years, you would probably get about a year and a half of continuous playing. Luckily for him, Reveen points out that the show is based on audience participation and reaction, and these factors are different every time. "We put them into almost science fiction situations and see how they react to it," claims the veteran performer, "it's human nature that's funny."

He must be right ... Reveen is always right ... Hail Reveen.

In his posters, Reveen looks like a mix between Liberace and William Shatner (in one of his better toupees) but, in reality, he's simply a grandfather who happens to have a career inducing highly suggestive states in willing subjects. (The funny thing is, after a half-hour interview with him, I have this inexplicable compulsion to say nothing but nice things.)

At the tender age of six, Paul Reveen had already begun working in the entertainment industry as a magician in Melbourne, Australia. In a few years, he was making more money than his accountant father by entertaining at parties. What he describes as his "accidental career" as a hypnotist didn't start till he was 12.

"I read an article in a little newspaper that was at school," he remembers. "It concerned an American padre in World War II that hypnotized some American and Australian troops. It described how he did it and what he did [so] I tried it on a school friend. It worked [but] I didn't know why. ... Then I began to study it."

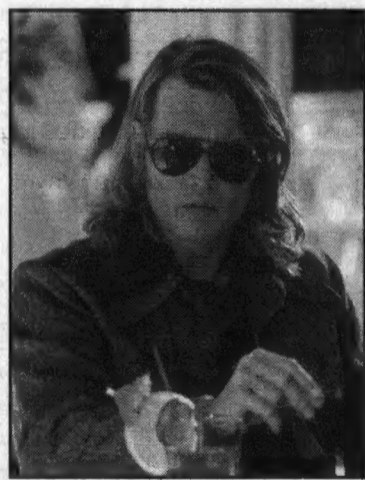
By the time he was 18, he had already defied his father and become an actor instead of a doctor but he had no idea that his true calling was in making people do things onstage that they normally don't do in the privacy of their own homes. His first live gig as a hypnotist, at an open microphone night in a Melbourne comedy club, drew so much praise that he dropped his dreams of acting and threw himself into the work that would take him to theatres across the world.

Contrary to its title, *Blow* does not suck

FILM REVIEW
Blow

Directed by Ted Demme
Starring Johnny Depp, Penelope Cruz, and Paul Reubens
Starts Friday

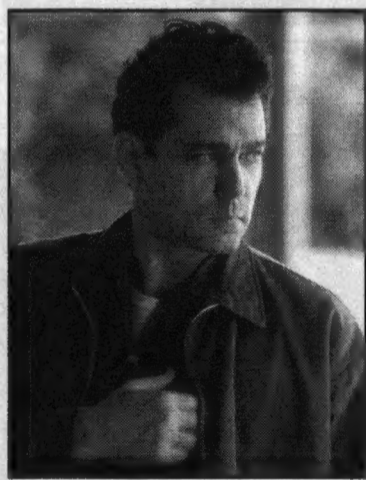
Neil Parmar
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF



ber that this is the man who played Hunter S Thompson. Picture stills are flashed throughout the film to emphasize the jump from days, to months, to years, and while these scenes often agitate audiences in some films, they accent the retro quality of the time period that the film is set in.

As well, numerous characters are introduced throughout each decade from the '60s to the '80s—so many, in fact, that their names become almost indistinguishable from one another. Derek Foreal (Reubens), a homosexual drug dealer who is introduced to Jung, is the one supporting character who provides comic relief throughout the story.

Jung's ambitions grow as he pursues what he believes is the American Dream, until he temporarily lands in jail for illegal possession of marijuana. During his



time in prison he strikes up a friendship with Diego Delgado (Jordi Molla), an inmate who was supposedly arrested for hijacking vehicles. Delgado claims to be an insider in Colombia's rising drug trade and arranges for a meeting between Jung and Pablo Escobar (Cliff Curtis) upon release from jail.

"Prison was a crime school," says Jung in reference to his first time behind bars. "I came in with a Bachelor's in Marijuana and left with a Doctorate in Cocaine."

More than anything, this film is a how-to manual for those interested in drug trafficking (but never knew how to get started). But, in the end, it becomes something more akin to a really long DARE advertisement. Despite this radical change of message, *Blow* doesn't blow in its exploration of one man's strung-out struggle to achieve a different type of American Dream.

When a movie titled *Blow* with stars like Johnny Depp, Penelope Cruz, and Paul Reubens (aka Pee-wee Herman) is released, preconceptions of sexual deviance automatically creep into one's mind. While the occasional sex scene does develop between Depp and Cruz, *Blow* focuses its plot on tracing the real-life history of George Jung (Depp)—the man who single-handedly became the world's premiere importer of cocaine from Colombia's Medellín Cartel in the 1970s.

His story begins as a young boy, when his over-dominating mother sucks their family financially dry, and leaves Jung with unrealistic aspirations to one day provide all that is possible for his own family. Rather than becoming just another construction worker like his father (Ray Liotta), Jung packs his bags for the California sun and begins the profitable side business of selling marijuana.

From here on in, *Blow* burns from scene to scene faster than Depp can finish a joint—remem-

Everything you never needed to know about my Napster habits

MINI-FEATURE

Confessions of a Napster Addict

Sir Downloadsalot
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

The basement-bred, vitamin-D-deficient Napster culture is hallmarked by misspellings, mistaken titles, and the inexplicable need to attribute any parody, no matter whose basement it was shittily recorded in, to Weird Al. It's also something my roomies and I became inexorably wrapped up in.

Household interaction consists primarily of one roommate and I spending inordinate amounts of time finding reasons to clutter our other roommate's computer with gems like the complete score of *HMS Pinafore*, every song Will Smith has ever sampled, snippets of dialogue from *Red Dwarf*, and more remixes of the *Smurfs* theme song than really need to exist. Next time he goes to work, we're replacing everything in his directory with craftily re-titled copies of Judge Dread's classical agricultural love ballad, "Up with the Cock." I hope he's not reading this.

Napster has made great strides in fostering a sense of nostalgia for pop-culture junkies. You never truly know who a person really is until you find that they, when plied with sufficient amounts of Chinese beer, have a repertoire that includes "The Gambler" and "The Safety Dance."

Was it really worth the 48 minutes of 28.8kbps goodness to download my own copy of "Two Tickets to Paradise," just because Eddie Money happened to be on Drew Carey that evening? Perhaps not. Indeed, everybody has a song they don't want to be seen purchasing, no matter what nostalgic value it may hold. There is a copy of Whigfield's "Saturday Night" somewhere on my hard drive and I could

find it for you, if you'd like, although I would look at you strangely (no doubt merely returning the favour). Furthermore, if I'm in the mood for some "Gangsta's Paradise," I don't have to wait for the unlikely event of it ever, ever receiving airplay as part of some bizarre Coolio resurgence.

There are also a whack of childhood theme songs readily available, such as *MASK*, *Thundercats*, *Danger Bay*, or *Family Matters*. Heck, thanks to Napster, I caught on to grunge seven years after nobody cared and it only took three hours of Time-Life infomercials to figure out what "that song" was (even though you weren't wondering, that specific tune was Sheriff's "When I'm With You", which is probably being licensed by Burger King as we speak).

This isn't any sort of recommendation; everybody has their own idea of what's worth downloading, and if you really need that much Silverchair, all the more power to you (except I really don't mean that at all because you really, really suck hard). Nor will I even attempt an in-depth analysis of the legal repercussions. True, now that I have a copy of Baltimore's "Tarzan Boy," I can quite truthfully say I don't think I should be supporting

that artist other than with my love. Yet in the past three months, I've also purchased about 20 albums I first heard online, which, while it can't make you care at all, at least eases the guilt. So in fact, this really doesn't even have a point. Write it off as the tale of a man with a ridiculously small hard drive, and a roommate who, according to what's on his computer, is either going to have to really start liking Trooper or really hating me.

Parte the seconde

So you've been downloading for a while, eh? You think that just because you have some "crazy" stuff like Men at Work or Right Said Fred, you know a thing or two about wasting time? Obviously you need some skinny dork to point you to where the *real* gold is. Of course, he can't give away all of his secrets; they're really all he has going for him in this cruel, cruel world. But he digresses, or regresses, or, quite possibly, just gets on with it.

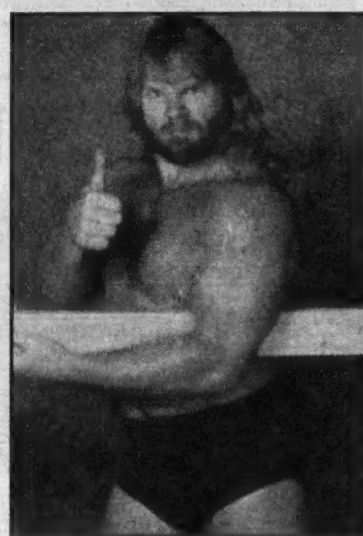
Never underestimate the potential of cover versions. Do you remember Rockapella from *Carmen Sandiego*? Well, they aren't dead, and the Internet is swimming in amazing acapella renditions of

"When I Come Around" and such. If barbershop ain't yer thing, then how about the Barenaked Ladies proving that yes, they are the last band who should be singing "Fight The Power," or the Smashing Pumpkins doing a very, very poor version of "Firestarter." Just try the name of a song you like—there will be an irredeemably awful cover of it by some punk band from Wyoming. Really.

Live versions and bootlegs are definite keepers too. There's always stuff you couldn't purchase even if you wanted to, who wouldn't want to be along for the ride when Kim Mitchell revisits "Patio Lanterns?"

You say you knew that already? Well, perhaps it's time to branch out. Your celebrity isn't, in fact, a musician? Not a problem. From Hong Kong director Tsui Hark's prodigious rapping, to famed late '80s wrestler Hacksaw Jim Duggan's own dance tracks, to some Australian guy impersonating Patrick Stewart in a Sean Connery accent, your quest shall not be in vain.

Don't stop there; too many people overlook our international friends—they have computers too, you know. Cheap labour costs allow legions of illegitimate knockoffs of popular songs; for instance, if anyone speaks Tagalog, there is a whole world of Celine Dion covers awaiting you. As of this year, China's main association of mental health professionals no longer considers homosexuality a psychiatric disorder, so you can get this very frightening karaoke interpretation of traditional gay anthems like that old standard "YMCA." Keep in mind that most copies are incorrectly labeled as being Japanese. Although as long as you're sampling from the Land of the Rising Sun, save money on those pricey Japanese imports; a rare acoustic version of "Jesse's Girl" by Rick Springfield? Or Sixpence None the Richer actually



improving "Kiss Me" by substituting Japanese lyrics?

Or just name a language of your choice. On my first try, I got the *Ducktales* theme song, which, in German, becomes, despite, or more likely because, of the falsetto in which it is sung, a shadow of teutonic menace that darkens any Disney Afternoon.

Sure, it's nice to have six versions of "Cadillac Ranch." Sure, it's fun to laugh at users like LimpBiscuitRoolz69. But although you can usually avoid Buddy Rejeet who titles songs BEST SONG EVER-KORN BIZKIT METALLICA EMINEM BRITNEY just so you'll (if you are really, really dumb) download whatever he recorded on his 4-track, there are other hidden pitfalls.

Only, last night I was trying to get that clip from the movie *Twins*, where Arnold Schwarzenegger treats us with a stirring rendition of the Coaster's "Yakety-Yak." Typing in *Twins* and *Yak* did lead me to a version of said song—except it was by the Olsen Twins. That was unfortunate, though in retrospect I probably could have not downloaded it.

Be careful out there, kids—Napster is a Pandora's Box of both musical masterpieces and mishaps.



EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Students' Union Information Registries Consultant



The Information Registries is a service of the Students' Union which provides students with information and resources. There is a housing registry, an exam registry, a used book registry, and there is also a tutor and typist registry. The main office is in the basement of SUB and there are three Info Booths located in CAB, HUB, and SUB. Our goal is to provide students with the most accurate and up to date information possible.

Job Description:

All employees will work in the main office as well as the Info Desks in HUB and CAB. Some employees will also be trained Ticketmaster agents and will staff the SUB desk. Duties include: answering student inquiries in person, over the phone, and through e-mail; data entry; selling of bus passes, bus tickets, exams, and event tickets; filing; providing information and referral.

Qualifications:

1. Must have previous cash handling experience.
2. Strong interpersonal skills and a willingness to offer exemplary customer service.
3. Familiarity with general office/clerical procedures.
4. Computer skills are a valuable asset but not a requirement.
5. Familiarity with campus and campus activities/services.
6. Must be available for an August 25, 2001 Paid Training Day.
7. Must be a student during the 2001 - 2002 academic year.

Remuneration:

\$6.50 an hour

Hours:

8-15 hours per week

Term of Employment:

August 25 - April 31, 2002, with a possibility for full-time summer employment May 1 through August 2002.

Interviews:

Interviews: Will be held the week of August 7 - 10, 2001.

Please submit resume and cover letter by July 31, 2001 to:

Tyler Botten, Information Registries
030-A SUB 8900-114 Street

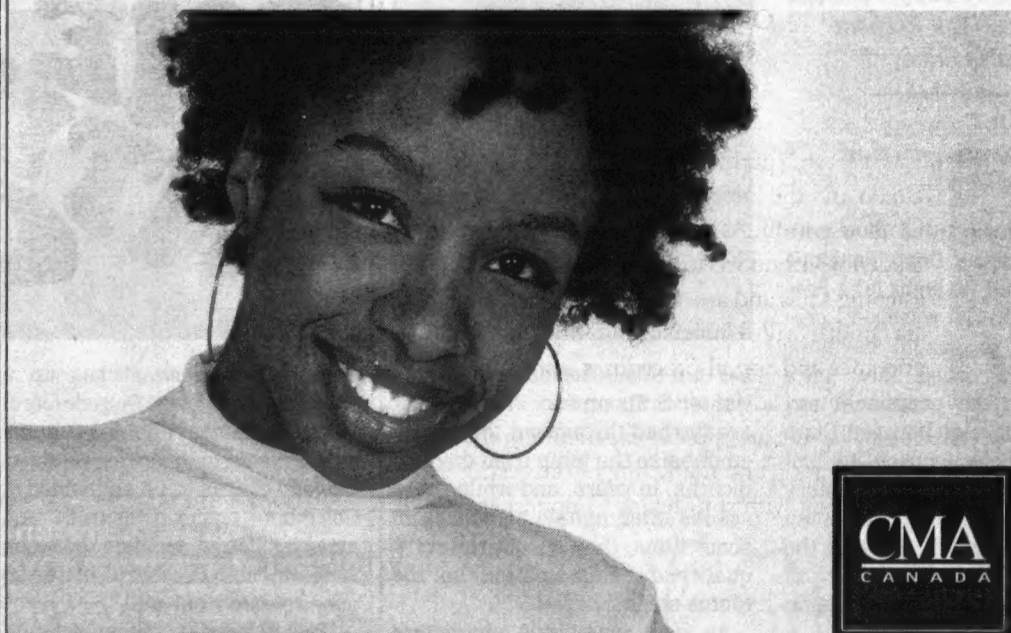
T6G 2J7

Fax: 492-7267

Only successful candidates will be contacted for an interview.

If you would like to review all Students' Union job postings, they can be found at this website: www.su.ualberta.ca/work/sujobs.html

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Don't drown in the mainstream



Dave Alexander
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

I guess this is where I'm supposed to come up with some profound statement on the nature of the arts and the state of entertainment—hopefully tying it all in to the experiences of the past year. Forgive me if this article sounds more like a loosely tied together collection of semi-random thoughts, but I'm exhausted.

If the bags under my eyes, the mountain of clutter on my desk, and my plummeting German mark are any indication, the old Arts & Entertainment section was one demanding fucker. Of course it was nothing without my small army of awesome volunteers, and to them I say thanks. But enough about us.

It was you, the readers, that made everything worthwhile. Each kind word, e-mail suggesting a Cultura Obscura or Site Unseen, or visits from a student who just wanted to say hi, meant a hell of a lot.

There is little point in putting out newspapers if nobody reads them. An Arts & Entertainment section should not simply be about arts and entertainment, but should be entertaining in and of itself—interesting, provocative, occasionally offensive, but never boring or devoid of intelligence.

Looking back on the past eight months, I feel that stupidity is a growing problem in the mainstream media. The popularity of Boy and Girl bands, juvenile gross-out comedies, and voyeur television is depressing. There is nothing wrong with cultural junkfood in small doses, but to make it a steady diet is dangerous.

North Americans spend so much time consuming mass media that it becomes easy to fall into the role of passive viewer. Just because Hollywood and other dominant media producers pump out a steady stream of crap doesn't mean you're required to wait in line to let it wash over you.

Souless garbage like Jerry Bruckheimer films reinforce poisonous attitudes. I have a grim feeling that his next star-spangled piece of propaganda, *Pearl Harbour*, will only add fire to the dicey US/Chinese political situation with its demonization of the Japanese.

Hollywood may have the highest profile, but presence without intelligence means little. Eminem, who likes to talk loud without saying much, is ample proof of this.

So look beyond that which is thrown in your face. In the age of the Internet, a world of engaging media is but a few clicks away.

On that note, nothing has been more beneficial to the world of entertainment than Napster. Personally, it has introduced me to over a dozen new artists whose albums I've bought that I otherwise would have never heard of. As the article on page 10 makes clear, the service provides a lot of inane but fun stuff that you can't or wouldn't purchase anyway.

Anyone who cries piracy doesn't understand what music is all about. Art should be inclusive when possible, not exclusive, and certainly not controlled only by the rich. So fuck you, Metallica.

While you shouldn't feel guilty about liking something on a major label (elitists suck too), take every opportunity you can to check out that local band or play, or film that you've heard so much about. There's nothing quite like the greedy pleasure of being the first to discover something great within your circle of friends.

On that note, the *Gateway* is great place to widen your horizons, so come on down. I'll be asleep on the couch.



Run DMC
Crown Royal
Arista
www.arista.com

Venessa, Queen o' Rap
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

It's hard to imagine, but there was once a time when rap music was not a commercial phenomenon. Artists like Run DMC—those who were lucky enough to get signed—were those blessed with extreme talent, persistence, innovation and, most importantly, a passion for the art form.

However, with the blatant changes that rap has undergone

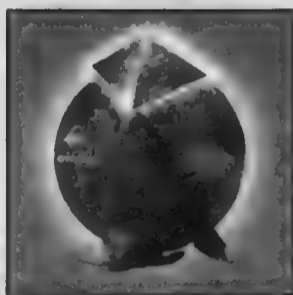
during Run DMC's eight-year hiatus, the question is whether the original Kings of Rap can regain their reign.

While their seventh release, *Crown Royal*, is an eclectic mix of musical styles that range from Ol' Skool to rock, the album's weakness lies in its guest artist dependency.

Although some of the guest musicians, such as Everlast and Fat Joe enhance Run DMC's flow, most, including Jermaine Dupri and Kid Rock detract from it. I don't even want to talk about Fred Durst.

Another consideration is that while many hip-hop fans have welcomed the rap/rock crossover, those expecting Run DMC to keep it strictly Ol' Skool will find themselves disappointed with the heavy rock influence found on the majority of their new songs.

When the members of the group have the mic, it's obvious that they still possess wicked rhyming skills; however, with all this spotlight sharing, one wonders if they still have the energy to make hits solo.



The Orb
Cydonia
Universal Island Records LTD
www.island.co.uk/island

Alana Pentney
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Ambient music, which was first brought to life by Brian Eno in the 1970s, is intended to be as easily ignorable as it is demanding.

Textured combos of slow, drifting, sounds come together in this unusual genre to pull the unwary listener into a groovy trance.

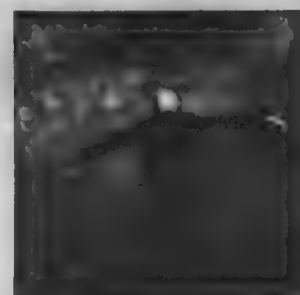
The updated version of this very minimal approach came to be when DJs of the late '80s embraced the low-key sound and added some spacey rhythms of their own.

Currently, one of the best creators of ambient electronica is The Orb. You may remember their "Little Fluffy Clouds" song from Volkswagen commercials a few years ago.

Cydonia is their newest album, and it continues the tradition of trippy, laid-back ambient electronica that The Orb is known for.

Despite the use of cheesy synthesizer effects on one or two of the tracks, aural combinations of rain, orchestras, and video game beeps make this album a beautiful and easily consumable addition to any new age, experimental, or electronica fan's collection.

In the current onslaught of repetitive, bubblegum-coated, boring house "techno," The Orb's *Cydonia* is a refreshing taste of something wonderful and different.



Gary Numan
Pure
Eagle Records
www.numan.co.uk

Kris Berezanski
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

The '80s one-hit wonder returns to the new millennium with a complete change of music and style. Famous for the hit "Cars" from the mid-'80s, Numan has been subject to a recent revival because of Fear Factory's cover of the song on the metal compilation *Hard*.

Numan has changed his sound to an industrial tinged rock ride that ranks up there with Nine Inch Nails and Stabbing Westward.

Pure is an exceptional album comprised mainly of synth and guitars that go from mellow to crunching in a matter of seconds.

In "My Jesus," Numan whispers, "My Jesus is like a voice in the dark," before raging into the wallowing chorus "I'm praying for your soul." There is not a weak track among the 14—each one is a five-minute symphony of pure musical bliss.

One of the most welcome returns of any '80s artist, Gary Numan has proved that he can compete with the best of today's industrial artists.



Econoline Crush
Brand New History
EMI
www.econolinecrush.com

Heather Adler
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

After a four-year hiatus, Econoline Crush has returned to rewrite history. The new album is an amalgamation of a lifetime of musical influences, ranging from lead singer Trevor Hurt's youthful love of '80s goth-pop (The Cult, Depeche Mode) to the new, heavy sounds of pimp-metal (Limp Bizkit, Korn) to the soulful groove of modern urban hip-hop.

Now factor in all the exposure to new sounds encountered by the group while they spent the last four years touring the US and the unique brand of danceable industrial rock they have been making for the past seven years.

What you end up with is a rich audio melange from which the band has drawn from to create an album that turns out to be a smorgasbord of the new, the old, and the insanely catchy.

Songs like "Go Off" and "Trash" show off a new funkier sound while paying homage to the music that influenced them as kids and never losing touch with the charismatic sound that made them big. All history should sound this good.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OMBUDSERVICE DIRECTOR



Take part in a partnership between the Students' Union and the Dean of Students' Office as an Ombudsperson. As one of three Directors of the Student OmbudService, you possess strong listening skills and are an effective mediator. You are familiar with University and Students' Union grievance and appeal procedures, and will represent and advise students on such matters. You will also gain valuable experience in the administration and marketing of this service in conjunction with your fellow Ombudspersons.

Remuneration: \$1200.00 / month

Term: This position requires a two-year commitment.

For further information contact the Manager of Student Services at 492-9785.

Deadline for Applications: 4:00pm April 12th



THE ING DAT GAME

Saturday April 7, 2001

Doors: 7 PM

powerplant

- ✿ Tickets: \$3 at SUB Info Ticket Centre
- ✿ Free tickets available at SU Offices for Student's Union volunteers
- ✿ No Minors



Dunbar loses it



SURVIVOR

MANIA

Power Plant
Every Thursday

Jon Dunbar
ENTERTAINMENT

Jerri's not really gone. She's just laying low. Producer Mark Burnett—who's not really human (but more on that later)—is pulling another fast one on us, isn't he—he's just trying to throw us off from figuring out that Jerri wins.

Believe me, Mark Burnett's tricky. I've seen this before. Jerri's gonna win. And then, she'll take me with her, away to a better place.

I know this guy—if you sacrifice your body to him, he'll take you on an alien spaceship. He's no longer with us, but maybe it's not too late to catch that asteroid before it leaves our plane of existence.

I hear things. A lot of people are aliens. Tina, Amber, Mark Burnett, my mom. Colby is an underwater sea creature from the Andromeda Galaxy who came here to make contact with coral, the organism that his people have identified as the true sentient life form of this planet. I saw it in a book. Before he was even on *Survivor*. I've been sending him samples of hair and urine through the mail for years. I think it worked—that's why he kidnapped key coral figures from the Great Barrier Reef in last week's episode, and gave them to his teammates as confections. I hope he can afford to pay the Australian government for the damage he did.

David Staples doesn't like me anymore. He stopped wearing that faux-leather jacket I like so much. I know Jerri won't let him get away with the things he said.

Who will go next: David Staples will say Tina, but I think the players will vote off David Staples. They've put up with him for too long. I pulled out all my fingernails and dyed my body hair puce.

Who will reign supreme: Jerri has not yet begun to fight. Just you wait. She may have been voted out, but that doesn't mean she's left. Just you wait. The final verdict is known to no one but Mark Burnett. On the final episode, the cast members will be surprised when Mark Burnett shocks a nation by declaring Jerri my consort, then revealing his alien identity. Praise Mawltor!

Survivor II airs in the Power Plant every Thursday night at 9:00pm. Viewers are invited to cast their vote for who will be voted off the island, and who will remain at the end. Prizes are awarded in a draw. For those who missed last week's episode, it will be rebroadcast at 8:00pm. Bring your aluminum foil hats. If you see Jon Dunbar, please report him to the Alberta Mental Health Board. He is a sick man.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

Theatre Design Portfolio Show
Media Room, Fine Arts Building
Thursday, 5 April

If there's anything nearly as hot as local favourites Les Tabernacles pulling up to the finish line of the Grand Prix of Rock, it's this Thursday's Theatre Design students' exhibition of portfolios. There are models, renderings, storyboards, production photos and all sorts of visual treats as harrowing as a Ted Wright mock-rock solo. Do it, fuckers.

Jad Fair, Litterbug
New City Likwid Lounge
Saturday, 7 April

Litterbug tinkles and whines and whinnies its way across the stage like a broken Yo La Tengo, which means nothing to most people. Litterbug likes Jad Fair, formerly of Half Japanese, I think. He also likes Yo La Tengo. I wouldn't be surprised if Half Japanese liked Yo La Tengo as well. Lesson: you must either go to this show or listen to some Yo La Tengo.

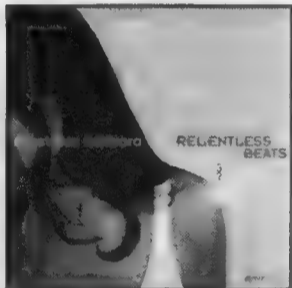
Beer Gardens 2001
Quad
Tuesday, 10 April

Business students: well, word is they know business. Keep overhead low (ie. open grassy field, orange 'safety' fence, grade-Z musicians), sell a desirable mind-destroying product ("beer"—you may have heard of it) and profit success is imminent. That is, unless some clever, pragmatic student creates counterfeit liquor tickets ... again.

Lee Aaron
Sidetrack Cafe
Wednesday, 11 April

Even my mother knows that the honkies in Quad just can't provide a rewarding finale as can Lee Aaron, the former Canadian metal queen. Back in '84 she (Lee Aaron, not my mother) sang to hard rockers: "writin', electric song, so get a ticket you just got to get on." Today she's singing bluesy jazz about being a 'slick chick.' Both times she's broke on in and entered your heart (as my mother has).

Compiled by Raymond Biesinger



Misstress Barbara
Relentless Beats Volume 1
Moonshine
www.relentlessmusic.com

Iain Ilich
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

This disc is little more than a constant thumping, droning beat, lasting for an excruciating 66 minutes

of dull, unending techno. Normally, the fun part about mix discs is seeing how one song will blend into another, using the full skill of the person on the turntables to weave a continuous narrative of sound, taking the listener in countless different directions. On *Relentless Beats*, the only "direction" is straight ahead through a barren desert devoid of scenery.

Almost all of the tracks are tiny, truncated versions of the originals, glued together every couple of minutes to provide some slight variation to the terribly boring theme.

To make things worse, the audio on this disc is largely muffled, with generally poor audio quality. Compared to the many other options out there for satisfying a techno/dance craving, this compilation is certainly one to be avoided.

CULTURA OBSCURA



E. coli HAPPENS T-shirt

Dave Alexander
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Imagine my sheer orgasmic bliss when I found this delightful T-shirt at Goodwill.

Calling out to me from the rows of acid-wash jeans and pleather jackets was the E. coli HAPPENS T-shirt. Aside from a day-glo Jar-Jar Binks condom, I can't imagine a sweeter score.

Why anyone would sport this irreverent statement about intestinal bacteria is way, way beyond me—in fact, I'm having trouble coming up with a possible scenario for this one.

Perhaps it is not ours to question the Cultura Obscura, but just to love it unconditionally.

SITE UNSEEN



www.napcameback.com

Adam Rozenhart
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Back in March, the US Supreme Court forced the folks at Napster to monitor the file names being searched and transferred on their databases. The reason? So that greedy record companies could maintain their massive profit margins at the expense of the free trade of MP3's.

Some people have maintained that services like Napster cannot be kept down, that people will continue to find ingenious ways

of exchanging MP3s. Indeed, the folks at the University of Toronto's PulseNewMedia.com hold this view. They've created an interesting little encryption device, lovingly named NapCameBack, whereby one can encrypt their MP3s and exchange them over Napster using a special word decoder.

The idea is smart, but there are minor setbacks: with the Internet being the realm of free-thinking and free information that it is, it won't be long before the Supreme Court and the record companies get wind of the little encryption program. Also, if only a few users encrypt their files, then the service is virtually useless. What will the future hold for those who want to exchange music files?

What will likely happen is that people will go back to using FTP sites and shitty services like Scour and Gnutella. This is a battle that the record companies will spend the rest of their existences fighting and losing. Meanwhile, you can still use the best exchange on the net just by downloading NapCameBack. Keep fighting for free music, friends, and the victory will one day be ours!

FREE STUFF

BMG (which doesn't stand for Beer + Me = Good) has provided swank prizes to end the year. For a chance to win a pack consisting of new discs from the Dave Matthews Band, Amy Sky, One Twelve, The Waterboys, as well as a BMG sampler, or five secondary CD prizes also up for grabs, e-mail me at gatewaycnb@hotmail.com with three of the artists mentioned in the Napster mini-feature. Include name and phone number. See you all at the beer gardens.

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EXPOSED



Since this is the last issue, I wanted to show you some beautiful photographs that unfortunately have not received their due credit in publication. I hope you truly enjoy and marvel at these split-second glances of the underexposed side of the city's entertainment scene.

It has been another eight months of pure *Gateway* photo jazz. During this time, *Gateway* photographers have beautifully documented most of the concerts, plays, guest speakers, and spectacular ballet productions presented throughout the city. More than 150 rolls of black and white and color film have advanced through the many camera bodies of *Gateway* photo volunteers. All of our photogs are looking forward to shooting even more film in the upcoming year.

Marcus Bence
PHOTO EDITOR



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STUDENT LIFE 2000-2001

JEN



Final Ramblings from the VP Student Life

Time did fly, I cannot believe that I am already at the end of my year. It has been amazing!

There are so many people to thank for the success of this year. Starting off with all of the amazing volunteers the SU manages to get every year. From the hundreds of students who come out to put together an amazing Orientation program. If

I could bottle up the enthusiasm displayed through the Orientation program and sell it I would be a rich rich girl. Next is the crazy Week Of Welcome crew that comes out for a week of crazy and exciting activities. WOW is nothing without the dedication of the Volunteers. Thank you so much for all your help, energy and ideas!

Every year the Students' Union hosts an Inner City Kids Christmas Party fondly referred to as ICKCP by the volunteers. Just before exams and right after classes over 100 volunteers come out decked out in Santa hats to add some cheer to a bunch of sugar crazed kids, eager to meet Santa. This is one of the most touching events hosted by the Students' Union, and again without the volunteers would not be a reality. The success of this program has us raising the bar for bigger and better next year!

Then there is AntiFreeze, who would have thought, the Students' Union finally did it – a winter cross-campus competition is now a tradition at the University. It may not include an ice rink, but due to the dedication of volunteers for years past we have managed to rev up campus in the middle of the cold Edmonton winter.

I cannot stress enough how important volunteers are to the Students' Union, or successes are very much due to their dedication and spirit – so THANK YOU to everyone who came out this year!

There are a small group of volunteers who give up all their free time for the VP Student Life portfolio. These are the crazy kids who fill the spots on the Student Life Board, the Programming Committee and the AntiFreeze Committee. These positions are not a once a week or twice a week type of commitment. Rather they are many days that more often than not go off into the sunset and on some days even into the sunrise. I have many fond memories of glue, wrapping paper, giant olives, glow in the dark blue cups and a quaint little ski resort in the PowerPlant. I am forever in your debt – you all know who you are and this campus is lucky to have such committed students like you!

Then there are the behind the scenes people who keep the slightly crazy yet sometimes charming VP Student Life sane. These people are the staff, especially Katherine Huising, the Senior Manager of Entertainment and Programming and of course the ever charming, witty, studly Mike Zimmerman. Thank you so much for all your hard work.

And last, but not least, there is the Gateway staff. They have managed to put together a fantastic publication this year. They inform, they engage and they report. They make my life interesting!

So there it is, Student Life in Review. If you missed out this year, there is always next year. Campus life is all about getting involved and leaving your mark. Don't go through University missing out – get involved, just ask and I'll sign you up!

All the best,

Jen Wanke
VP Student Life 2000-2001

Big Important Stuff from the Keyboard of Mike Zimmerman:

I am having a lot of trouble starting this little thank you letter. I wanted to say something about how I can't believe the year is already over (aside from those pesky finals), or throw in some keyword like "WOW" or something that would remind people what I do here. But everybody does that, and I always strive to be different, to take the road less traveled. I think that's why I owe everyone a thank you. You see, working on the Student Life Portfolio is a lot of work as it stands, whether planning the activities or being delegated the work. Add to that a Student Activities Coordinator who has unusual ideas and an interesting sense of humour, and you can be in a bit of trouble!

I knew taking this job would be educational and a rewarding experience; that was what interested me initially. I am the first to admit that I knew very little about campus before working here, and I am now confident in my knowledge about this campus and the Students' Union and how they interact. I look forward to using my newfound wealth of SU knowledge in the future as a volunteer. I guess that is who I am trying to thank right now, the volunteers. By "volunteer" I don't necessarily mean just the mass of individuals that carry out nearly every event that I worked on throughout the last 11 months, but the people who have helped someone in any way. You see, many people have volunteered their time and effort in reminding me what it is like to be a good person. People who dedicate their time not only to the pursuit of their personal freedoms, but to the advancement of those around them. The people who work tirelessly late into the night (or early morning) to ensure the next day will run smoothly for everyone to enjoy. The people who serve on countless committees and boards doing the behind the scenes work that are never recognized for their endeavours. Those are the people I wish to thank.

Everyone who has ever come out to help, right from the beginning of my term last May, has been understanding, hard working and determined to do a good job. In fact, I was reminded of this when I saw the some of the hardest working volunteers receiving recognition at the Students' Union Awards Night last week. Many of them had in one form or another helped out on a Student Life Portfolio project. These people have inspired me to take up their lead and continue to provide a strong volunteer presence on this campus. I could look back on my experience here as the SAC and ponder, or I could use it to encourage others to get involved and volunteer like so many others on campus do. I think, for once, I will take the road more traveled.

Thank you,

Mike Zimmerman
Student Activities Coordinator

MIKE



CAM



STUDENT LIFE IN REVIEW



MEMORIES FROM WINTER PAST

Well, they came, they saw, and man did they played hard. This past January we saw the 2nd ever Antifreeze, and what an event it was. Hundreds of students competed in a week long competition that challenged endurance, skill and required creativity. In the end most were left standing. I have to say I am impressed with all the students who came out, braved the wee hours of the morning, and the freezing cold temperatures.

Congratulations to all of the students who competed in the events, I hope you had a fantastic time! To those of you who made it to the top of the ranks — job well done. It was a great time and I encourage anyone who let Antifreeze sneak by them this year that they make sure that they don't miss it next year! It's all about spirit, pride and a desire to play!

The Ice Queen
Jennifer Wanke
Vice President Student Life

KA Dead Poets



9 Henday



PE Posse



9 Geers & a Jock Strap



S-Club-10



Timber Wolves



Thrills & Pills

Icedogs



Ski Joe Posse



Delta Gamma 'Angels'

Hot Rugby Bitches



RMSA



Team 'MSS' 23



Pembina Hall



Thawed



Hot Packs



Anti Freeze

umsida



Fecknutt Bojangles



Crazy Shanagins



Snowbunnies



Snow Chickens of Doom



Wise Ones



Flying Frenchmen (FSJ)

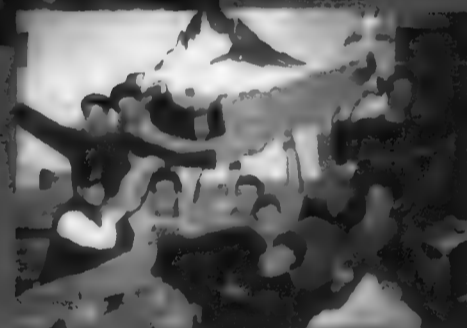
Eunhoria



Campus Ambassadors



Pike-Allstars



6 AM What the *!?



Originals



SFAIC



Solid Gold



Safewalk (SW)



Vertical Omlette



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01-08-2001 - 01-13-2001

Inner City Kids' Christmas Party: A Festive Day of Helping

On a snowy 8 December 2000 day a little miracle took place, as occurs every December of the last 6 years. We held the annual Inner City Kids' Christmas Party. This time, 564 children from St. Catherine's, Our Lady of Peace and Annunciation elementary schools, arrived at our doorsteps and were greeted by over 100 smiling volunteers. After placing the childrens' coats and boots safely out of the way in the Theatre, the children were fed as much pizza and juice as they wanted to eat, and were entertained by their group leaders. As soon as all the children were finished eating (some little kids take some time to eat a slice of pizza, especially under the commotion that took place in Dinwoodie!), they were separated into their age groups, and sent to do their various activities.

The Kindergarten through Grade 2 classes started off icing Christmas cookies. Given cookies nearly as big as their round little faces, and a bag of icing, the children were encouraged to cover the cookie in the icing and smarties. Under the direction of Mariel Dagot, Christine Rogerson, and Dean Jorgensen, the cookies turned into works of art, many depicting Christmas trees, wreaths, and the odd Christmas Tiger. It was entertaining to look at the cookies on the Dinwoodie stage and see some had already been chewed on.

At the same time, Leah Ganes and Janna Roesch led the Grades 3 through 4 in a craft making session. This age category was encouraged to make candy canes out of pipe cleaners and beads. Some very entertaining patterns emerged. Other crafts made that day included reindeer antlers for the youngest children and pretzel wreaths for the children in Grades 5 and 6.

In Myer Horowitz Theatre, while Dinwoodie was a menagerie of screams, laughs, high pitched voices, and socking feet running about, the only sound was the voices of 200+ children singing in harmony, led by the beautiful voices and animated movements of Kevin Flesher, Leslie Church, Drew McQuarrie and the like. When all the children had taken part in all aspects of the day, they were brought together in order to meet the one and only Santa Claus. As the children were introduced to Jolly Ole Saint Nick, they were given a gift bag that was purchased in part by your Students' Union fees.

Our many thanks go out to the volunteers who came to set up, participate and endure a long day of children's activities, thank you very much for helping in making a world of difference in the lives of 564 underprivileged children.



Student Life Committees

Student Life Board

This Committee deals with all the non-academic issues, such as housing, safety, parking, environmental issues and anything else that does not fit into a textbook or the classroom

Programming Committee

If a student offering free movie passes or chocolate during exam time has ever approached you, that's the Programming Committee. Then spend all year developing programming initiatives for campus. The also play a large roll in WOW and the Inner City Kids Christmas Party.

Coming Soon to an SU Near You:

Campus Activity Board (CAB)

- This board will be an open forum for all students to voice their concerns on student life issues
- This committee will develop ideas to try and better enhance the involvement of student groups on campus through joint SU ventures

Athletics Committee

- This committee will help the Athletics Campus Events Coordinator (ACEC) develop and implement programming for students at varsity games
- This committee will develop a street team that lets students know what is going on, on our campus in regards to Athletics
- This committee will work towards enhancing the recent link created between the Students' Union and the University of Alberta Athletics Department

If any of these committees interest you, please contact Jennifer Wanke at, vp.studentlife@su.ualberta.ca

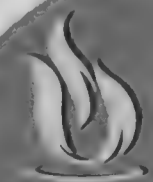


Christmas, The Students' Union and Parking Services

This year the Students Union participated in a joint venture with Parking Services. During the months of November and December Parking Services collected donations for Santa's Anonymous and the Campus Food Bank. I would like to thank Parking Services for supporting the Campus Food Bank.

If you have any questions, comments, ideas or want to buy the VPSL coffee, let me know!

Jennifer Wanke
Vice President Student Life
Vp.studentlife@su.ualberta.ca



STUDENT LIFE IN REVIEW

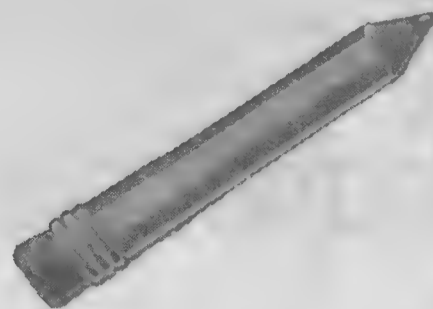
Teaching Evaluations...

WHAT IS A USRI?

Teaching evaluations improve teaching skills by identifying teaching strengths and weaknesses. As a result, the University of Alberta has strict policies on teaching evaluations, which are known as Universal Student Ratings of Instruction or USRI (these are the questionnaires that are handed out at the end of all classes). These policies can be found on the web at <http://www.ualberta.ca/~unisechr/policy/sec111.html#4>

THE POLICY

- Did you know that the USRI must be administered each time a course is offered?
- Did you know that the USRI must be administered before the last week of classes?
- Did you know that the USRI must be distributed and completed at the beginning of the class period?
- Did you know that if you are taught by more than one instructor, each instructor must be evaluated by a USRI?
- Did you know that the instructor cannot distribute the USRI, cannot be present in the room when the USRI are being completed and cannot collect the USRI?
- Did you know that your written comments will be typed only if the Chair or Dean deems it advisable?
- Did you know that if you are concerned about the anonymity of your response, you can submit your comments typewritten within five working days of the USRI to the Chair or Dean?
- Did you know that the optically scanned results of the USRI can be viewed on the web at <http://www.ualberta.ca/CNS/OMR/USRI.html>?
- Did you know that the results of the student comments are not made available to students?



WHAT'S THE POINT OF USRI?

USRI determine whether instructors receive a promotion, a pay increment or are awarded tenure.

How?

The Faculty Agreement requires an annual evaluation of an instructor's overall performance, which includes teaching. While this evaluation must be broadly based, it must take into account information from the USRI. As a result, an instructor's teaching ability will determine whether they receive a promotion, a pay increment, or are awarded tenure.

If you have concerns or questions regarding the implementation of these policies, talk to the Department Chair or Chris Samuel, Vice President Academic of the Students' Union.



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Play hard, play fast, and play safe

It's Sunday, a day of rest, and the sniper waits. Not long now. A reconnaissance unit meets heavy resistance on the right flank, and the still forest air buzzes with the ensuing crossfire.

Soon the sniper sees his panicked reconnaissance unit retreating under heavy fire—in moments, his cohort is cut down by enemy rounds. The incoming enemy wanders cautiously toward the main base unopposed. But the sniper's still there.

He waits ... He has a shot from fifty feet. Obstructions. Thirty feet, twenty, ten. He can hear the enemy squad leader breathing heavily from the quick assault. The sniper remains motionless, ignoring the bead of sweat lowering itself painfully into his left eye. And the spider inching its way slowly towards his crotch up his left pant leg. Any premature movement would mean certain elimination.

The intruder passes directly in front of the sniper's sights. THUD, THUD, THUD! Three shots leap from the sniper's gun, hitting the unsuspecting squad leader in the hip. He falls where he stands. The sniper pauses only to notice the frozen surprise on his victim's face before moving on to the next target fifty feet away. This time, the advance has been stopped and three of the enemy are dead. At least for this game.

Barrie Tanner
Barrie Tanner

Last weekend, twenty of the Gateway's bravest headed out to Quest For Adventure paintball to partake in what has often been called the fastest-growing sport in North America.

Paintball originated in 1984 in New Hampshire when sporting goods retailer Bob Gurnsey, stockbroker Hayes Noel, and writer Charles Gaines, thought up a new kind of stalking game as a challenge. The technology for the game was by no means new: paintball pistols had been used by the forestry service for marking trees for felling and by ranchers for cattle identification. But Gurnsey, Noel and Gaines found a much more exciting venue for the technology: hunting down friends, relatives and strangers alike in an exciting, relatively safe and fun new way.

The winner of the first-ever paintball match won without firing a single paintball.

Since then, the popularity of the sport has soared: amateur and professional tournaments can be found across North America, often with cash prizes of hundreds of thousands of dollars for the winners. Several

companies have tracked the trend and jumped onboard: Daisy and Crossman (manufacturers of airguns), Scott USA (ski equipment) and JT USA (motocross equipment) are just some of the companies venturing into the world of paintball.

One of the reasons for the popularity of the sport is its universal appeal. You don't have to be particularly in shape to play the game: if you can walk, occasionally run, and pull a trigger, you have all the makings of a paintball player. An easy way to think of it is a combination of Hide 'n Seek and Cowboys 'n Indians, but with guns.

Most paintball guns fire a 68-calibre paint pellet at anywhere from 200 to 300 feet per second. The speed at which the projectile is fired can be measured with a piece of safety equipment that should be available at your local paintball field: a chronograph. Like a radar gun, this device determines the speed of the pellet when it leaves the gun (industry standard is under 300 feet per second, the equivalent of about 200 miles per hour). If someone brings a gun that fires faster, there is a higher risk of injury and they will either not be able to play using the gun or will have to adjust it to fire at a lower velocity.

The standard 68-calibre paintball is made of a thin plastic casing filled with a coloured,



Barrie Tanner / THE GATEWAY

Hidden behind a bunker, a sniper awaits an impending attack.

water-soluble, non-toxic mixture of food colouring, vegetable oil and soap detergent. RP Scherer, a company that makes soft gels for bath oil beads and vitamins, was the first to produce paintballs. Today, over one billion such pellets are produced every year.

Paintballs are powered by CO₂ released from a small, refillable tank attached to the gun. These cylinders vary in size—the bigger tanks give you a longer playing time before you have to refill.

Face masks are mandatory at any paintball field, a precaution that prevents you from losing an eye or swallowing a paintball. The most common injuries in paintball are

the same as they would be running around in the forest: twisted ankles and bruises from falling or running into trees. Being shot by a paintball is not particularly painful, depending, of course, on the distance between the victim and the shooter. Anything less than 40 feet away calls for a "mercy kill," which can be called out by either the victim or the shooter. If the shooter calls it and the victim turns to shoot, it's fair game. If the victim calls it, the shooter is required not to shoot and the victim leaves the field as though shot.

Usually, being hit by a paintball ranges from hardly feeling a thing to a big pinch. But, as we all know with pinches, there are certain areas where being hit hurts more and proper precautions should be taken by both the shooter and the victim to ensure maximum safety. Temperature can make a difference too: if it's colder, the pellet will generally hurt more, but will also be more brittle and will break more easily.

Every sport has an urban myth, and paintball is not exception. The most common myth is people putting paintballs in the freezer overnight, then heading to the local field. Nobody I've talked to has ever actually experienced or even heard first hand of such an incident, but it wouldn't be a sport without a myth.

Paintball can be played indoor or outdoor, each offering its advantages and disadvantages. Outdoors is generally more exciting though, featuring a natural environment. Quest For Adventure has 15 fields with a variety of landscapes from open fields to dense forests to a ghost town. Indoors, you can escape the winter and play in a more controlled environment.

But most importantly, pick your fellow paintballers carefully. Go with a group of people who you know you'll have fun with and you'll have a fun, safe adventure with hopefully only a couple of welts to show.



Barrie Tanner / THE GATEWAY

When you're surrounded, this old gutted Mercury is a deathtrap.

Are you a squid?

These are some terms you should know if you'd like to consider yourself a paintballer.

Barrel Plug: This is the plug that fits into the muzzle of the gun to prevent accidental shooting. Players generally use it when off a playing field or once they have been shot.

Bunker: As a noun, this is a cover of some sort that players can hide behind. It can be a log, a shrub or even an embankment. At Quest For Adventure, you can take cover in gutted cars and trucks, or even in small buildings. As a verb, it means charging someone defending a bunker, and generally involves closer-range, and therefore more painful, hits.

Capture The Flag: This is the most common game in paintball and involves one team finding and grabbing the opposing team's flag. Once they take that flag to their own base, known as the flag station, they have won the game. If you are shot when you have the flag, you must drop it where you're shot and another team member has to grab it. You can't grab your own flag off the field and return it to your flag station: once it's stolen, the best you can hope for is to defend it where it lies.

Chronograph: This device measures the velocity of the paintball once it leaves the barrel of the gun. You fire a round with your gun rested on the small Doppler-radar machine. The fastest ejection speed allowed is 300 feet per second.

Feeder/Hopper: This is the device that stores the paintballs and feeds them one at a time into the barrel.

Harness: This piece of equipment holds extra paintballs so the next time you're pinned down and run out of ammo, you don't need to leave the game.

Pumps: These are guns equipped with a manual pump that loads the paintball into the chamber one at a time. You must pump-load after every round fired.

Rambo Mode: An adrenaline-induced reaction that makes a shooter convinced he or she can do anything. Can pose a safety hazard.

Speedball: This is another variation of the game that involves little natural cover and a smaller field, and is most common indoors. The game was initially designed to allow spectators to see the action. There are usually a few bunkers set up, made from wooden pallets, piles of tires, or boxes.

Squid: This is a rookie paintballer, identifiable by a battle-shocked look, screams of anxiety and terror—and usually the one having the most fun at any given moment.

Squid Basher: This is a player who takes more pleasure in stalking rookies than in playing the game. Try to avoid playing with this kind of competitor, especially if you're a rookie. It'll ruin all the fun.

Terminator: A game in which one or two strong players are pitted against the rest of the competitors in a paint-to-the-death match.



Nice guy, nice fields

Quest For Adventure owner hosts U of A in a day of paintball fun

Barrie Tanner
SPORTS EDITOR

The location of choice for the Gateway paintball crew, Quest For Adventure, is an 80-acre outdoor paintball park about half an hour north-east of the city.

Owned and operated by former U of A graduate Lyle Kuchmak, the park features 15 play fields with a variety of terrains.

Kuchmak graduated with a double degree in physical education and education. He eventually gave up a teaching career to start up his business 17 years ago. Kuchmak hires young locals to help run the shop and marshal the games; his staff all live within a four-mile radius of the facility.

Insurance companies give paintballing the lowest statistics of most sports for injury. There's the odd twisted ankle, but in general, it's a lot safer than most of the sports out there.

— Lyle Kuchmak,
owner and operator
Quest For Adventure

Kuchmak's labour of love has grown in proportion to the increasing popularity of the sport. "Paintball gets the adrenaline going," he says. "It's almost a non-competitive sport. When you're out there, it doesn't matter if you're on a team or not, you're more focused on yourself and making sure you don't

get hit. If you can work together with other players, that's great. But when it comes down to it, it's a very individual sport."

But Kuchmak doesn't take the sport lightly: his constant concern for safety goes a long way to ensure you'll have a fun and safe experience.

"Insurance companies give

paintballing the lowest statistics of most sports for injury," said Kuchmak. "There's the odd twisted ankle, but in general, it's a lot safer than most of the sports out there."

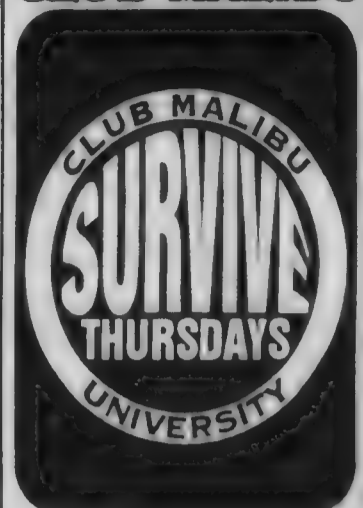
Kuchmak offers discounts for students: you can enjoy an afternoon of paintballing for \$30 or under if you call and book in advance.



Surrender is always an option ... if you're a squid.

Photos by Barrie Tanner / THE GATEWAY

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The sumo dictionary

banzuke — The ranking list of the rikishi. This usually comes out about one month before a basho.

basho — A tournament. Every year, there are six basho, each lasting 15 days.

dohyo — The dirt ring marked by small straw bales. If a rikishi steps out of the dohyo or touches down anything other than feet within the dohyo, he loses. Women are not allowed to enter the dohyo under any circumstances.

dohyo-iri — The ring-entering ceremony. Only the higher ranks have the privilege of joining this ceremony, performed every day of the basho.

gyoji — The referee. This position has ranks as well. The lower ranked gyoji wear short cotton uniforms, while the higher ranks wear long colourful silk uniforms and handle just two bouts in a day. They wear black caps that are similar to ones worn by Shinto priests and they hold wooden fans to indicate the start and finish of a bout.

heya — Otherwise known as a stable. This is where rikishi are recruited to train and live. Once a rikishi joins a heya, they are there for life or until they retire.

kesho-mawashi — A heavy apron worn during the ring-entering ceremony. It covers just the front bottom half of a rikishi; from the back, there is only a colourful tie.

mawashi — The "diaper" which is actually a long canvas or silk fabric, about 11m long and 2m wide. Only the ranks juryo and above wear coloured silk ones during basho. The lower ranks wear green canvas ones for the basho.

rikishi — A sumo wrestler, no matter the rank.

sagari — A purely decorative "apron" consisting of a band of fabric, which is tucked into the mawashi, and a row of ropes or poles hanging down.

seza — A traditional way of sitting. Legs are folded under and you sit on your feet. It can be very painful for long periods of time, though Japanese women usually sit in this position. The pain goes away eventually.

tachiai — The start of a bout. When both rikishi put both fists down on the dohyo, they make a jump at each other. This is similar to when rams battle by smashing into each other's horns. The same is true for rikishi, but they use their heads instead.

The ranks in sumo (from lowest to highest):
Banzuke-gai (Maezumo)
Jonokuchi
Jonidan
Sandanme
Makushita
Juryo
Maegashira
Komusubi
Sekiwake
Ozeki
Yokozuna

sumo



story and photos by
karen liebel

For Maezumo, "mae" means before, "zumo" is sumo. It is a pre-rank, though the recruits at this level still perform all the duties other low ranked rikishi must do. From jonokuchi to makushita, the rikishi wear green canvas mawashi during the basho, and the makushita-ranked rikishi wear rope sagari.

The lowest ranks are the workhorses in their respective heya. They wake up the earliest, do all the daily chores (cooking, washing, cleaning for themselves and the higher-ranked rikishi), assist the higher-ranked rikishi when needed, and go to bed the latest. They are also too low to be paid a regular salary and must work their way into the higher ranks to be assured a monthly paycheck.

From juryo to yokozuna, otherwise known as makuuchi, the rikishi get a monthly salary, can wear a coloured silk mawashi and a sagari with stiff poles instead of ropes, can marry, are assigned attendants, take part in a special ring-entry ceremony at the basho, and no longer have to do regular chores around the heya.

Life seems much easier in the upper ranks, as rikishi can pursue hobbies and can attend social functions as representatives of their heya, which generally involves being paid a stipend, consuming a lot of sake and food, and ensuring their admirers are paid notice. They also have many attractive female admirers including models, actresses, and maiko (apprentice geisha).

But with this position comes responsibility. Rikishi at these ranks, known as sekitori wrestlers, must always be on their best behaviour and respectful to a fault. But sometimes there are slip-ups. Most people generally ignore these humiliations and stop talking about specific rikishi all together. Last fall, when Mongolian rikishi Toki hit and killed a woman while driving to see his wife and new baby, he fell in rank from mid-makushita to mid-juryo, but next to no mention of the incident has been made in Japanese media since.

The ranks above maegashira are fewer (between two and four spots in each) and, obviously, much more difficult to reach. To reach these positions, rikishi must win the basho consecutive times or have outstanding records (more than eleven wins in the fifteen days) in consecutive tournaments and pass a board's inspection of the rikishi's past records and behaviour. All of the judges in sumo retired from these ranks and own a heya.

Yokozuna, or "grand champion", is the most difficult rank to attain and is, therefore, the most prestigious. Japanese people sometimes liken yokozuna to samurai, an honourable position held until retirement or death. If a yokozuna has a losing record or can no longer assume his position of dominance, he should do the honourable thing and retire so as not to cheapen the

title. After the January basho in Tokyo, the first foreign yokozuna in history, Hawaii's Akebono, retired due to nagging knee problems despite having an excellent winning record.

Currently there are just two yokozuna: the other Hawaiian, Musashimaru, and Takanohana, who comes from a sumo dynasty: his brother, father, and uncle are all retired yokozuna.

A Day of Sumo

When my family first started planning their trip to Japan, I convinced them to get their plane tickets to fall during the 15 days of the Osaka basho.

If you talk to a Japanese person, they'll tell you how difficult it is to get tickets to sumo. That is true for seats on the tatami mats close enough for the rikishi to fall on you. Many of those go to sponsors or rich patrons, as one ticket can easily cost over \$500, not including food or drink.

The boxed seats, one step up from the tatami mats in front, are still quite costly (over \$130 for each of the four seats in the box), but each box is owned by a "house" set up along the service entrance. There can be up to 12 houses to choose from and each provides a set menu of "sumo" foods and a choice of drinks to enhance sumo viewing. The cost of food and drink for each person is almost twice as much as the ticket itself, and a variety of gifts are also provided to commemorate the event. This is one reason most Japanese people will never see sumo live: the cost.

But being foreigners, it is perfectly acceptable to indulge in such excesses. So when my supervisor said he secured four boxed-seat tickets with all the trimmings, I hyperventilated. Osaka has had over 300 consecutive sell-out crowds. In the early part of the century, sumo was most popular in Osaka and Kyoto. Nowadays Osaka is the place to be.

At all ranks, rikishi enter the ring after an

announcer holding a fan calls out their names. They emerge from the dressing room in accordance with the schedule for the day and wait at the side of the dohyo, usually two bouts before their own.

The rikishi enters the ring, bows to his opponent and stamps out any evil spirits lurking around. He then faces his opponent from the edge of the dohyo, shows he isn't hiding any weapons (sumo was apparently used to settle feuds between different feudal families and it was necessary to show that no one was cheating with swords or knives), then proceeds to stare down his opponent as a means of intimidation.

Generally, matches start around 8:00am, depending on the number of competitors trying to break into the lowest ranks. This is the Maezumo division and it usually ends about 30 minutes later. To be ranked, a rikishi must compete against other unranked recruits in their first tournament. For the next basho, they will be ranked in the lowest division based on their record and they will have their name posted on the banzuke for the first time.

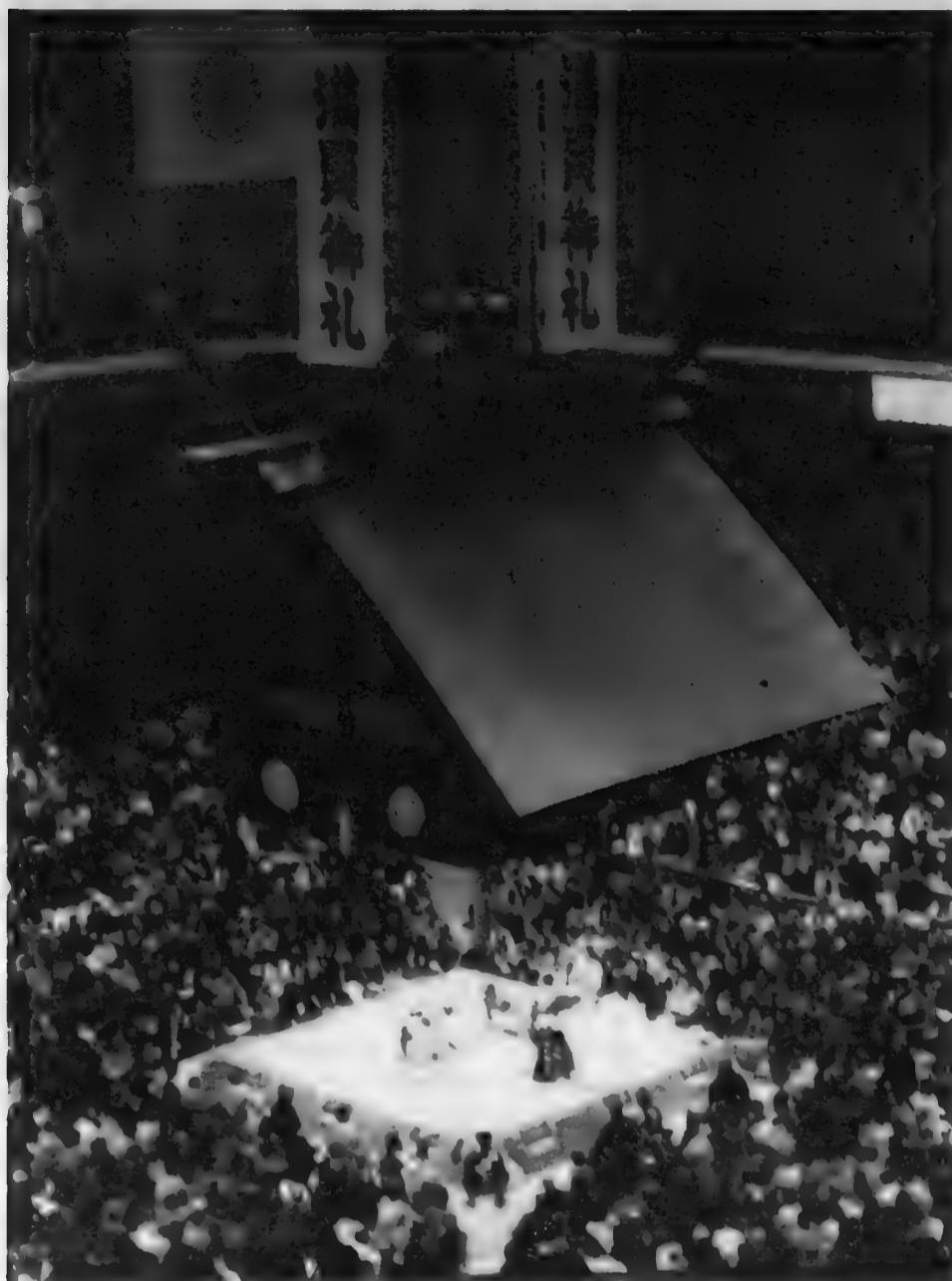
The jonokuchi is the official start to the day, generally commencing 9:00am. Almost no one but family, friends or serious sumo groupies watch the bouts in the morning since typical days run until 6:00pm.

To work their way up, rikishi must either have winning records, or win their division at a tournament. With eleven different ranks and around 800 rikishi, it's quite possible to simply never get past the lower divisions.

The majority of spectators arrive at the basho around 3:00pm, when the juryo division's ring-entering ceremony starts. Because we sat in boxed seats, meaning on-floor cushions, we went around this time. It can be very painful to watch sumo for more than a few hours since the customary manner of sitting in the boxes is seza and there isn't much room to move.

The dohyo-iri occurs twice: once for juryo and, after all juryo rikishi bouts, for the mae-





gashira to ozeki ranks. It is a total spectacle, with the group split so half enter from the east and the other half from the west.

Each rikishi dons a heavy, heavily decorated kesho-mawashi, each of which run between \$7000 and \$30 000. These are either bought by the rikishi with elaborate designs to represent their hometown or given to them by benefactors. Juryo rikishi Sentoryu (previously known as Henry Miller from Missouri) wears a kesho-mawashi sporting a Budweiser logo and the horses from commercials.

After the juryo division finishes their dohyo-iri, the rikishi go through the day's bouts. At this rank, they have more time to psych out their opponents. The gyoji monitors their actions, and if they don't line up their intimidating knuckle tapping/stare-down ritual in mid-dohyo just right, the gyoji will point his fan to the side to show they have more time to continue their intimidation. They can throw salt for good luck, drink water for extra power, and stare-down their opponent for nearly two minutes before the gyoji calls them to the middle to fight, indicated by the gyoji pointing his wooden fan forward. The gyoji points to the winner's side (east or west) for each bout.

Just prior to the makuuchi dohyo-iri, the rikishi line up so they are ready to go as soon as the last bout in juryo finishes. Being the sort always looking for "brushes with fame," I decided to check out the situation near the door, only to find that one of my favourite rikishi, the still moderately trim and muscular Kotomitsuki, was at the bottom of the staircase I was on. I looked him in the eye, said a "Gambatte!" (try your best), and nearly fainted as he nodded and thanked me (he won that day, and so I patted myself on the back for the great work on my part). On my way back to my seat, I noticed newly-retired yokozuna Akebono watching the action from a chair on the floor. I snuck a picture of him as security started after me for taking pictures away from my seat.

The makuuchi dohyo-iri follows the same pattern as the juryo division's, but is followed by the yokozuna dohyo-iri. This ceremony features the yokozuna led and followed by two attendants from his heya. The yokozuna does a number of thunderous claps and leg stamps in the middle of the dohyo while the gyoji twirls a tassel in large circles. The yokozuna also wears a kesho-mawashi, but adds

a thick, heavy white rope which is elaborately tied at the back with a large bow. It takes up to seven attendants to get the rope tied tightly for this brief, three-minute ceremony.

After the yokozuna dohyo-iri for both the west and the east, the makuuchi division begins the day's schedule of bouts, somewhere around 4:00pm.

By the time the first makuuchi rikishi start throwing salt, the building is full and those in the boxed seats have consumed vast quantities of sake and beer. Beside us, the salarymen (business men, always wearing business suits and drunk almost constantly outside of work) informed us in Japanese of the various physiques of the rikishi, specifically who had nice bodies and who had breasts that were too large. They also drank enough to test their few words of English on us, which came at a price after the man beside me went to the bathroom to throw up.

The rest of the afternoon flew by, as did the bottles of beer, making it a pretty standard Japanese experience. Most of the matches ended the way they were supposed to, but the last bout of the day, the Musubi Ichiban, which always features a yokozuna, changed that pattern.

Musashimaru went down after a quick dance with one of the sekiwake, resulting in a sudden rainfall of seat cushions, three of which hit the drunk in the box next to me. Everyone wants to see an upset just so they can throw their cushions. Even my family, normally quiet, orderly people, were screaming and trying to throw all incoming cushions towards the ring.

The day ends with the bow-twirling ceremony, performed by a rikishi from a yokozuna's heya. He wears a kesho-mawashi featuring the crest of the Sumo Association and twirls a long bow in the centre of the dohyo. He does a final leg stamping to keep the ring safe until the next time and leaves the ring as an attendant hits two tablets together, signaling the end of the day. If the rikishi drops the bow, he is to pick it up with his feet because, as with bouts, it means defeat if anything other than feet touch down during this "battle."

No matter how many times you've seen sumo on TV, nothing can prepare you for seeing it live. Television takes something away from the ceremony of sumo. And there is indeed much more to sumo than two fat men bumping bellies.

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STUDENT VOICE

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DonIveson is the incoming President for Canadian University Press. He is a University of Alberta student finishing his last year on exchange at the University of Toronto.

JeremyNelson is a graduate of the University of Manitoba, and the outgoing President of Canadian University Press.

Patti is a recent graduate from the University of Victoria.

ErikBrown is the Coordinating Editor at *Incite Magazine* at McMaster University.

PaulDarling is the Sports Editor at the *Arthur* at Trent University.

DanLazin is the Editor-in-Chief of *The Gateway*.

KarenMcOuat is a fourth-year Visual Communications and Design student at the University of Alberta.

NeilParmer is a second-year U of A Psychology major and the incoming Alberta Bureau Chief for Canadian University Press.

LisaWhittington-Hill is the editorial assistant for the Canadian University Press and national Women's Issues Coordinator.

Raj denotes answers from the office of Raj Pannu, leader of the provincial New Democrats.

1. The best Canadian politician in terms of a student standpoint.

Don.

Even though he's local to Alberta, one of the few outspoken people on education issues is former university professor Raj Pannu, leader of the provincial New Democrats. It's great that he hung on to his seat in the election, but maybe he should make the leap to federal politics. Perhaps Alberta would find redemption out last for our tainted export, Stockwell Day.

Jeremy.

Libby Davies, the NDP critic, one of the few MPs who still seems to care about education funding.

Patti.

Libby Davis. She is always going off about how students are getting screwed.

Erik

Svend Robinson, leader of the New Democrats.

Paul.

Howard Hampton, the Ontario Provincial NDP leader.

Dan.

Ujjal Dosanjh. Nowhere else would you see a five per cent tuition rollback but in his BC. Too bad they're on the way out.

Neil.

Raj Pannu.

Raj.

BC Premier Ujjal Dosanjh ... hands down.

2. The worst Canadian politician from a student standpoint.

Don.

It's got to be Mike Harris.

His recent draconian labour legislation invites lowered working standards and reduced overtime compensation, which will hurt students who must work to survive under high living and tuition costs. Further, his policy to invite the establishment of private universities in Ontario can't bode well for ensuring equal access for students and equivalent standards for institutions.

Jeremy.

Paul Martin. Talks out of his ass about tax cuts to prevent brain drain then does nothing to enhance education, proving that tax cuts have nothing to do with brain drain at all but are just about giving rich people more money. Yay capitalism!

Patti.

Paul Martin. His budgets mean less provincial transfers, which means less money for universities, higher tuition fees and more commercial intrusion on campus.

Erik.

Mike Harris.

Paul.

Mike Harris.

Dan.

Lots of people; none of them are particularly evil, but they do like to ignore students a lot.

Karen.

Ralph Klein, the junior-high drop-out. I'm not sure where the money's going, but it's being kept from education funding.

Neil.

Stockwell Day.

3. The politician most likely to win the award for red-neck of the year.

Don.

Stockwell Day. This isn't even a contest. How could he not win, having swept up in this category in Alberta for so long?

Jeremy.

Jack Ramsay. Nuff said.

Patti.

Stockwell Day. He's from Lethbridge and he thinks homosexuals have a problem.

Erik.

Ralph Klein (that's kind of pre-determined).

Karen.

Whomever's the leader of that Alberta Liberation Party in Red Deer. They're promoting Alberta's separation—a scary and unrealistic thought.

Neil.

Once again, Mr Day.

Raj.

Alberta Learning Minister Lyle Oberg.

4. A company that is socially aware.

Don.

For profit? None. Well, I guess that's not quite true, for they must be socially aware to the extent that they are acquainted with their market.

Erik.

Any one of the new "car-sharing" companies starting in T.O. or Vancouver.

Paul.

Coca-Cola Canada. Huge, huge supporter of minor and amateur sports.

Dan.

Body Shop is always good. There are others, but this comes to mind.

Karen.

United Colors of Benetton. They're aware of issues, but don't necessarily treat them the right way. Take for example their campaign about the inmates on

death row. That pissed a lot of people off.

Neil.

Stumped ...

Raj.

Earth's General Store on Edmonton's Whyte Avenue.

5. A company that is ignorant of social concerns.

Don.

For profit? All. In spite of my previous answer, real social concern is never at play. No company gives out blankets to the poor unless they think they can score off the press and put a big glossy self-congratulatory picture in their annual report.

Jeremy.

Walk downtown in any major city. Close your eyes and spin around. Throw something. It will hit a company that is ignorant of social concerns.

Patti.

Numero uno: Talisman Energy, for thinking it's okay to pump oil in the middle of a civil war.

Sheesh.

Paul.

Imperial Tobacco.

Dan.

Let's say Talisman Energy, since they're the bad guys of the day.

Neil.

Nike.

Raj.

Shell.

6. The biggest brainwashing company.

Don.

Nike, I guess. They just want to help you have a good time, right? You know, get out on the court and jump higher, be cooler, et cetera? How do you suppose they pay for all that advertising? Could it be the margin on using near-slave labour to make their products? I know it's a cliché to hate Nike, but it's not like they're doing anything to change their ways. They just do it.

Patti.

Any car company. Their ads make you feel useless if you don't own a new climate-change machine every year—especially those SUVs.

Paul.

McDonalds.

Karen.

GAP. And it works—people shop there.

Neil.

Coca-Cola.

7. The government most likely to win the un-humanitarian award.

Don.

Internationally: the Taliban in Afganistan. Who blows up a statue belonging to arguably the most peaceable religion in the world? To say nothing of their treatment of women. In Canada, I'd have to say Mike Harris again. While Klein, who has more public money than he knows what to do with, is putting some of it back into programs, Harris is still pinching pennies in Ontario in the worst way—to the detriment of students, the homeless, the working poor, the sick, the elderly and the young.

Jeremy.

Afghanistan. Oppress women then blow up great works of history. Go team!

Patti.

Mike Harris' Ontario Tories.

Erik.

Afghanistan.

Paul.

Ontario provincial Progressive Conservatives.

Dan.

Taliban. Between women and stone buddhas ...

Karen.

Afghanistan.

Neil.

Saddam Hussein's posses.

Raj.

Within Canada it has to be the government of Alberta.

8. The government most likely to win the humanitarian award.

Don.

Oh, I dunno, Denmark? they're pretty cool up there in Scandinavia. In Canada? It's a bit of a lesser-of-fourteen evils thing, if you count the territories. Nobody is doing anything particularly laudable at the moment. Haw about Gary Doer in Manitoba. You never hear anything about strikes or problems in Manitoba, other than the persistent flooding, so let's give it to his government.

Paul.

Canadian Alliance. The only reason I chose them is because I was watching Much Music in November, and the Jr Alliance members in Ottawa had all met Stock Day personally, whereas the Jr Liberals and Jr Conservatives had not met Chretien or Clark. This might not have much to do with being a humanitarian, but I'm not a very political guy.

Neil.

Switzerland.

Raj.

Within Canada, the BC government. They've just introduced remarkable laws regarding the environment, abortion access and tuition fees.

9. The school with the worst track record in treatment or respect of freedom of the press.

Don.

Administrations at York University, with Ryerson and some colleges at the U of T in a close tie for second, for allowing the *Toronto Star* to dump surplus copies of their paper on those campuses for "free" distribution, without consultation or thought to the effect that would have on the student press on those campuses.

Jeremy.

Track record? Definitely U of M. It's been quiet this year, but the last three have been something else.

Patti.

Ryerson and York for allowing the *Toronto Star* on campus.

Paul.

University of Toronto.

10. The SU with the worst track record in terms of treatment or respect of freedom of the press.

Don.

Much as I would like to say the University of Alberta SU, I must cite the SU at Mt Saint Vincent for this year withholding the block funding they annually contribute to the paper, the *Picaro*. This core funding is there to ensure that the paper's staff are paid at least a pittance, and to ensure that the paper can afford to be printed regularly. In denying the *Picaro* these funds, the Students' Association effectively tried to silence the paper and starve the editors.

Lisa.

I'll say it's a tie between the University of Manitoba and McGill

University. University of Manitoba for the right-wing SU's attempt to shutdown the paper last spring.

Even the *Globe and Mail* covered this as U of M students occupied the SU office. I'll pick McGill just cause of all the problems the *McGill Daily* had last summer in terms of being evicted from their space and having to go to court et cetera. There's really no end to the schools I could list here.

Jeremy.

U of M. Though U of A will be close if they keep some of these things up.

Patti.

The University of Alberta, second only to Mt St Vincent.

Erik.

McGill.

Paul.

University of Alberta.

Dan.

UMSU. Well, yeah, they're much worse than McGill or Dalhousie?

Neil.

Biased, but the UASU.

11. The school most supportive of freedom of the press.

Don.

Brock University in St Catherine's, Ontario for declining to allow the dumping of any commercial daily newspapers on their campus, in recognition of the grave potential for harm to the integrity of the student press.

Jeremy.

Guelph I would think. No problems with SU types, a financially viable paper, no Daily dumping.

Patti.

Guelph said no to *Toronto Star*.

Paul.

University of Guelph.

12. The SU most supportive of freedom of the press.

Don.

U of T. Their Students' Administrative Council demanded a one-year moratorium on daily newspaper distribution agreements pending investigation of its effects on the student press.

Jeremy.

U of T's actually been quite good. They are helping against the *Toronto Star* campaign and they lobbied to keep the *Varsity* student levy when it was threatened by geers. Not bad.

Paul.

Brock University.

Neil.

UBC seems great.

13. A student or activist group most likely to save the world, but probably end up in jail.

Don.

The fine people at *The Gateway*, perhaps?

Jeremy.

CLAC. The Anti-Capitalist Convergence (in French, CLAC: La Convergence des Luittes Anti-Capitalistes) is opposed to capitalism. They plan to protest against the FTAA.

Patti.

All those students in dictatorships who dare to raise a voice.

Erik.

Jaggi Singh and CLAC.

Paul.

FTAA protesters.

Dan.

Let's go for SEEDS or our pals at Students for a Free Tibet. There are probably other more notables, but I can't think of them. Students for a Free Tibet will at least end up in jail.

Neil.

UBC.

14. The school most willing to change their status to a private school in order to horde cash.

Don.

Queens. It already sits on the periphery of the Ontario university system, and with its reputation it would likely bail from the public scheme if it could find a way.

Lisa.

Trent University in beautiful Peterborough, Ontario. I'm convinced this school would do anything to get and horde cash. In order to receive cash through the Ontario government's SuperBuild fund, the University is closing the school's two downtown colleges despite more than a year of protests from students, faculty, alumni, Board of Governors and Senate members. This university and its president, Bonnie Patterson, would do anything for a buck.

Jeremy.

U of T.

Patti.

University of Toronto or Acadia University.

Erik.

McMaster, thanks.

Paul.

Brock University.

Karen.

Does DeVry count? If not, then U of A. Why not?

Neil.

U of T.

Raj.

The DeVry Institute of Calgary has just been granted the right to offer four-year degrees—that's probably the closest.

15. The school most concerned about education rather than making money off students.

Don.

I've heard good things about some of the universities in BC—UVic particularly. Certainly neither the U of A or the U of T, of which I can speak first hand.

Lisa.

Unfortunately, universities now have to be in the business of making money off students in order to survive. It's not about education anymore, it's about running a business. Wow, I'm negative.

Jeremy.

That exists? University of Winnipeg actually ain't bad. They got to have a small, community-based campus and because U of M gets all the corporatization they (voluntarily or involuntarily) seem very focused on education and not all that big on fundraising.

Patti.

Any school that doesn't have bathroom ads.

Erik.

Show me the light.

Paul.

Trent University.

Dan.

Despite the cost of mandatory laptops, Mount Allison's program apparently works pretty well.

Karen.

My high school. They sure don't make money.

Neil.

Doesn't exist.

Raj.

I think all public universities are concerned more about education—it's the lack of government funding that forces them to seek funds elsewhere.

Your SU

Editor: TJ Adihetty • 492-4236 • scc@su.ualberta.ca

VOL 1 • NO 26

Another Year Over...



A Message from Your President

This past year the Students' Union has been hard at work improving campus life, defending the quality and affordability of education, and doing our best to offer students the services they need. With nearly 3,000 meetings with individual students to officials in the highest levels of government all behind us, I hope this final page will show you that we have endeavoured to serve you well.

We have:

- Fought to achieve the lowest tuition increase in 15 years at 3.2%, saving each student \$160 from the maximum increase originally allowable.
- Toured across campus gathering student opinions through new Gripe Tables and Tuition Philosopher Cafés as part of a renewed focus on two-way communication between the SU and students.
- Created a new strategic plan for the SU and initiated a process to determine the space & resource needs of all of SUB's services in order to serve students better

On behalf of the Executive, thank you to all of the wonderful students, staff, and friends of the SU for your support, dedication, and inspiration – it's been a privilege to work with all of you.

Good luck on exams and have a fantastic summer break!

Leslie Church
President

Christopher Samuel
Vice-President Academic

Naomi Agard
Vice-President External

Gregory Harlow
Vice-President Finance & Operations

Jennifer Wanke
Vice-President Student Life

Academic

- Worked on the Bookstore Task Force to explore ways to reduce textbook costs, and whose recommendations will become the mandate of a permanent Advisory Committee
- Requested to be a member of the Registrar's Executive Group and the Administrative Information Systems Steering Committee which will allow your concerns regarding admissions, registration and transfers to be heard
- Created a student focused and student hosted orientation session at University Teaching Services
- More student input on the Selection and Review Committees for Professors, Chairs, and Deans
- More ONEcard services (look for them in the SUB Food Court, and in vending machines)

External

- Ran a province-wide postcard campaign calling on the provincial government to cap tuition increases at 2%
- Achieved \$25 million province-wide for tuition relief and faculty retention (\$5.5 million for the U of A)
- Successfully advocated for an automatic loan remission program.
- Successfully advocated for the expansion of the Jason Lang Scholarship fund to 3rd and 4th year undergraduate students
- Worked with both CAUS and CASA to lobby over 40 MLA's and 100 MP's on various student issues
- Organized campus-wide information campaigns during the federal and provincial elections to inform students and increase voter turnout
- Reinstated the annual High School Leadership Conference

Finance

- Re-apportionment of seats on Students' Council establishing equal representation for all students in all faculties on the basis of 'one person, one vote, one value'
- Re-establishment of Students' Council's control over dedicated referendum fees
- Establishment of an on-line Exam Registry
- Legal review of Students' Council legislation
- Third consecutive balanced budget

Student Life

- Successful events such as Orientation, Week Of Welcome (WOW), Inner City Kids' Christmas Party, and AntiFreeze
- A phenomenal handbook
- Exam Outreach activities such as food and prize giveaways during exam weeks
- New student-organized fundraisers such as the United Way Penny Carnival
- Successful outreach activities during Christmas and Valentine's Day
- New programming at the Power Plant including Survivor Nights

Your Board of Governors Representative


This year was an exciting one on the Board: relations between the SU and the Board were excellent, our stats were taken seriously, and concerned students made their views on tuition heard.

- Argued against the proposed tuition hike to bring it down to a more reasonable, but not exactly satisfactory, 3.2% tuition increase
- Established a professional relationship with other Board of Governors members, later urging them to bring tuition concerns to the Province
- Increased outreach. Consulted with many concerned students with diverse views on how to make the Board of Governors more accountable
- Worked effectively with Leslie Church, SU President and Shannon McEwen, GSA President, to present a strong and professional voice on the Board

I am thankful for the excellent support from the SU this year, and to the many students who shared their views with me.

Mark Cormier
Undergraduate Student Representative,
Board of Governors



 Yours.
university of alberta students' union
www.su.ualberta.ca

CLASSIFIEDS

To place a classified ad,
call Information
Registries at 492-4212

For Rent

Fairmont Hot Springs house, no smoking, e-mail 103630.661@compuserve.com or call 250-345-6369. Weekly or lease. NORTH HAVEN - NW Calgary: 2 M/F (working or students) to share 4-bed-room house with 2 others. Available 1 April & 1 May. Great location: 10 minutes to SALT, close amenities, bus at door. \$450 including utilities, DD, W/D, parking. 289-9552 or 403-793-4514. Phone for availability in summer months.

Roommate needed to share new two bedroom, two bath condo with one other female. In-suite laundry, completely furnished, no smoking/pets. 11111-82 Ave, 5 min walk to campus. \$500/month incl utilities, available 1 August. Call Kelly 467-3329

1 May to 1 September, 2 rooms available, shared with one other person. \$375/month per person, \$300 security deposit, near UofA, 1500sq feet furnished apartment. Call 432-6840.

GARAGE PARKING U of A, 111 Street & 86 Avenue. 2 spaces at \$45 each/month 1 May to 31 August. Norm @ 432-7179.

Services

Proofreading, editing, APA referencing. Near campus. 8 years academic editing experience. e-mail: nathan@interbaun.com. Phone: Nathan 433-0741.

NEED A CAR TEMPORARILY?? Short-term leasing, rental sales maintenance covered. Auto Comp Discount Rentals Edmonton on www.yellow.ca 3277-99 Street. 490-0808

Record, CD, Comic, and Toy Fair. Sunday, 8 April, 10:00am to 4:00pm. Edmonton Aviation Heritage Centre, 11410-Kingsway. Fred 487-3195.

Halfdayturnaround, wordprocessing, Laserprinted, Resumes, Thesis, Emerald Secretarial 11147-82 Ave. 439-3808

ASL Sign Language Classes Levels 1 & 2 begin May 8 2001 for 12 weeks, Tuesdays, 6:30pm to 9:30pm. Call Specialized Support and Disability Services, U of A 492-3381, 2-800 SUB for more information.

FREE MASSAGE FOR STUDENTS! CALL 490-5299 EXT. 1725

For Sale

88 Honda Civic hatchback, red, auto, 165000km, runs excellent, with new winter tires, muffler and radiator. \$2500 OBO. 434-1438.

Various computer parts: 8Mb STB Velocity 128ZX AGP video card (\$50), 4Mb S3 Virge PCI video card (\$30), 10bT ethernet card (\$10). Call Dan at 439-8566.

Wanted

Men and Women required for The Clansmen Rugby Club's ongoing programs. No previous Rugby experience required. Information 476-0268.

Are you 17 to 21? See Canada, build work/leadership skills and gain life experience! Join Katimavik! Funded by the Department of Canadian Heritage. Call 1-888-525-1503 or visit www.katimavik.org

Male vocalist seeking cello player/violinist to jam, collaborate and perform with. shraya@ualberta.ca

MODELS NEEDED. Advanced classes at SWIZZLE STICKS. Michelle 989-0097.

Professional Haircare company looking for people to participate in hair show 4 to 7 May, 2001 in Edmonton area. For more info call Sheryl 467-2493.

Psychology major to counsel adult with Aspergers regarding resultant social problems. 487-9328 (please leave a message).

Employment - Full Time

Interested in teaching english for YBM in South Korea? We offer free airfare, housing, \$1750-\$2200 for 90hrs per month. If interested contact Davidson Recruiting at 403-309-6754. Leave Message or e-mail landavidson@home.com.

Edmonton, Petroleum Golf and Country Club, requires seasonal grounds personnel for 2001 season. apply in person at: 215 Street, half mile south, 9 Avenue, or call 470-0295.

Interested in overseas work and travel? ESL teacher's in South Korea are in high demand. Earn \$2500/month, working 25-30hrs per week. Accomodation, return airfare, health insurance, paid vacation and more. Contact cristian_31@hotmail.com, or checkout: www.hbscompany.com.

Work on campus. Dynamic historic house. The arbour restaurant at Rutherford house requires full and part time servers for the summer. Drop resume's off at 11153 Saskatchewan Drive by 10 April. Attention Lori.

Painters and Marketers required for Due West Student Painting. \$7-12/hr No experience necessary. 444-5942

Employment - Part Time

BULL TAMERS NEEDED! The Black Bull Golf Resort is looking for help on it's ground crew and service and kitchen crew for the 2001 season. If you are hardworking, dedicated and like the thought of spending the summer at Pigeon Lake then call Greg @ 780-586-2435 or Judy @ 780-586-2254. Fax # 780-586-2597. Mail resumé: Box 9 Ma Me O Beach, AB T0C 1X0

FasTrack Performance Karts, West Edmonton Mall now hiring for part-time positions. Drop off resumé at front counter. Phone: 481-3278

Want to have fun and make money? Learn how to bartend at the Fine Art Bartending School. Cash in on the Summer job market. Phone 439-7963 or email jimc@powersurf.com.

Games area, lower level SUB hiring part-time for summer and fall semester positions. Variable shifts available. Apply with resumé.

Looking for a part-time summer job, that may have a possibility of continuing into the school year? UofA Students' Union is looking for a part-time "Access Fund Administrator" for 5 hrs/week \$9.11/hr starting May, flexible hours. Shared position. Responsible for administration of the fund & interviewing bursary applicants. Must have effective communication, org & time mgmt skills. Familiarity with Mac programs, particularly FileMaker Pro an asset. For a detailed job description, e-mail <accessfund@su.ualberta.ca>. Apply in writing to Box 700 Rm 2-900 SUB, UofA Campus, T6G 2J7 by 12 April. Only shortlisted contacted.

LPN/RN student/PCA required for part-time and casual shifts. \$10.00 per hour. Fax 434-8708. Must be able to do standing transfer.

Earl's Tin Palace currently accepting applications for all positions. Beat the Summer rush and confirm a position immediately. 11830-Jasper Avenue. Great Food, Great People.

Want a sweet job? Work at Baskin Robbins. Training provided. Contact 436-7909. Location: Whitemud Crossing.

ALL LANGUAGES INCLUDING SPANISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, CHINESE, JAPANESE, KOREAN, RUSSIAN, ITALIAN, HINDI, ARABIC, VIETNAMESE, AND MORE. Bilingual speakers and translators required for freelance work. Fluency in mother language and English a must. Professional protocol. Also hiring part-time desktop publishers and web designers. \$15-\$25/hour. Contact Anita at 907-3083 or 424-8495.

Employment - Temporary

Canada's Premier University Painters... now hiring students for summer management positions-2001. Superior earnings. Advertising and our exclusive training provided. Apply online at www.premierpainters.com or phone 444-0024 to BE YOUR OWN BOSS THIS SUMMER!

Cook wanted, for tree-planting company. Excellent wages, must have experience. Call (780)-865-7060 or fax resumé to (780)-865-3433.

Volunteers Wanted

Arts? Law? History? Politics? Join Canada's Chinese Head Tax Redress Campaign. 487-3536, www.asian.ca

Three Lines For A Toonie (\$1 of which goes to the Food Bank)

Sexolicism. It's coming. ARE YOU? and in return pineapple. I loves you-porkypine

Its astounding that I didnt have a gut feeling but if you only knew what kind of feelings I have now... Oh wait, you do.

The movie was stupid, but swimming was great. I love 6 hour tuesdays. Perhaps my last note to you (in this form) hope you know they are always for you.

well. It's my last TLF ever. Hm. i wanna go to toronto. bye skip. -winters

I love you michael. - skip



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Email: kom@worldchat.com

Try the law experience in Australia

Professor Eric Colvin, a senior faculty member is currently in Canada and may be contacted at (604) 683-6710, colvinc@hotmai.com He will be conducting an information session at the Burlington Holiday Inn, Burlington, ON, 3-5pm, Sunday May 6 in the Halton Room.

JAZZ ON CJSR FM88

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Jazzology

with Steve MacLeod
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with Dan Given
Thursday, 10:00pm to midnight

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Graduating?

If you are graduating this year and have Alberta Student loans, you must still apply for Remission. Remission forms should be mailed to you by the Students Finance Board. If you do not receive these by the end of May, contact SFAIC.

You must sign a Loan Consolidation Agreement within six months of completion of studies. For loans cashed before August 1, 2000, contact your lending institution. For Canada Student loans after August 1, 2000, contact:

National Student Loans Service Centre
Public Educational Institutions Division
PO Box 4030
Mississauga, Ontario L5A 4M4
Toll free phone within North America:
1.888.815.4514

For more information, contact SFAIC.

Students' Union Building (2-700)
www.su.ualberta.ca/sfaic

Contact Info:

phone: 492-3483

fax: 492-9607

e-mail: sfaic@su.ualberta.ca



Cigarro & Cerveja by Toné Esteves



The REAL Sex Boys by Junbar



Deathworld by Rudi Gunther



The Sex Boys #6 by Mike "Bye-Bye" Winters



Space Cat High by Fish Griwkowsky



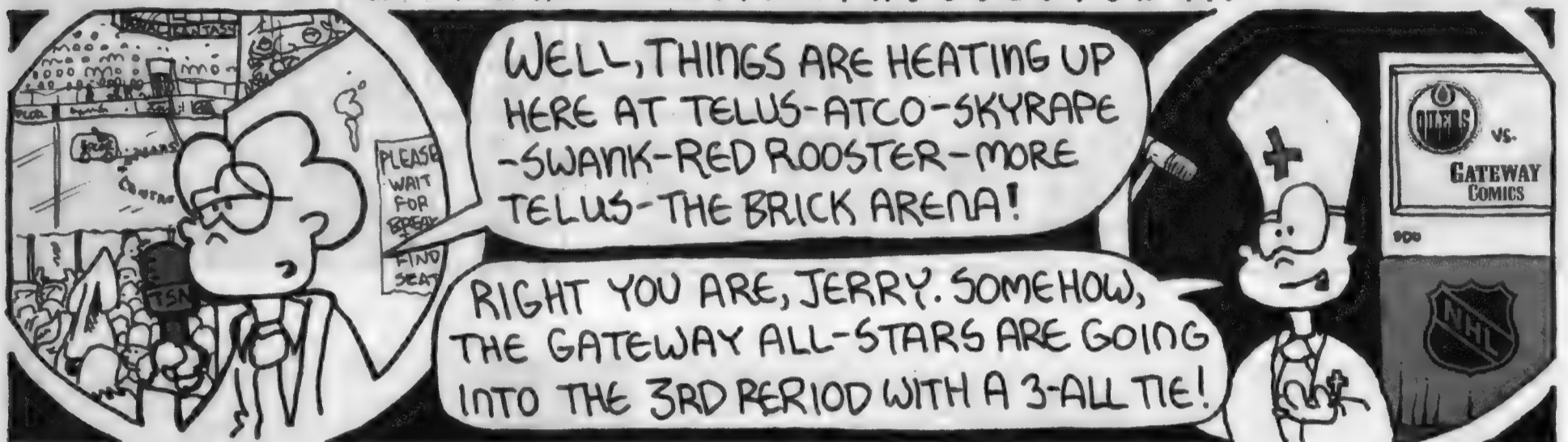
Cartoon Acid by Albert Guillermo

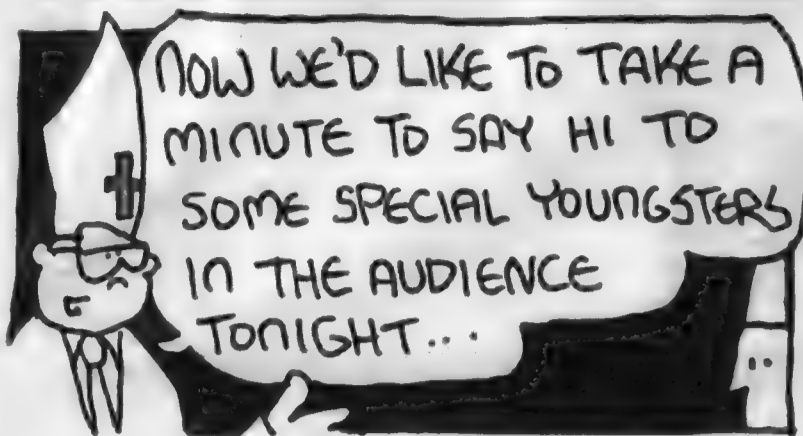


Big Thank-U Hockey Bash misappropriated by Mike 'n Fish

HOCKEY ON ICE

A MARTY TAVITZ PRODUCTION !!!



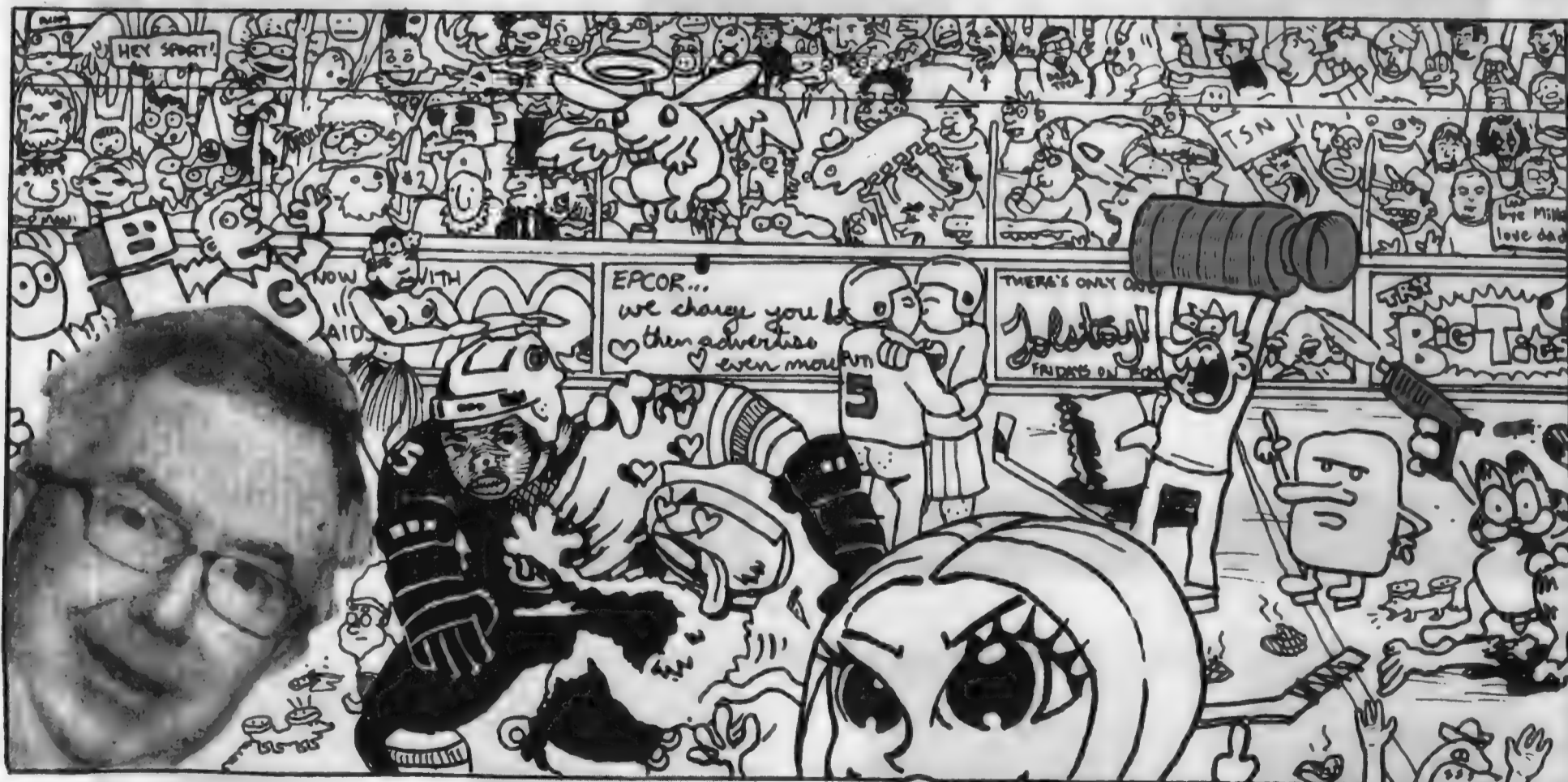


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR THE KIDS IN SECTION 22 FROM THE EDMONTON BEDWETTERS SOCIETY!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!



AND NOW, BACK TO THE ACTION. GRIER PASSES IT TO MARCHANT, BENSON INTERCEPTS—OOOO!!! IT'S GETTING UGLY OUT THERE!



THE FACULTY OF
ARTS
 Teaching Awards 2001

Dean Kenneth Norrie wishes to announce the recipients
 of the 2001 Faculty of Arts Teaching Awards

Faculty Undergraduate Teaching Awards



Juris Lejnicks
 Political Science



Greg Hollingshead
 English



Leonard Ratzlaff
 Music

Sessional Instructor Teaching Awards



Marina Allemanno
 Modern Languages
 Cultural Studies



Patricia Dold
 Comparative Literature
 Religion & Film/Media Studies



Ann Howey
 English

Graduate Student Teaching Awards



Paul Beach
 Philosophy



Carmela Bruni-Bossio
 Modern Languages &
 Cultural Studies



Robyn Fowler
 English



Jana Grekul
 Sociology



Andrea Hayes
 Modern Languages
 Cultural Studies



Patricia Hughes-Fuller
 Comparative Literature
 Religion & Film/Media Studies



Jullin Peters
 English



Irene Sywenky
 Comparative Literature
 Religion & Film/Media Studies

NATIONALPORNOGRAPHIC.CA

APRIL 2008

NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC

Feces-Eating Robots

Watch Out
For Lasers!

PLUS: No Map
Supplement

Peruse Lost Wombs

That Could
Be Yucky

Bette Midler

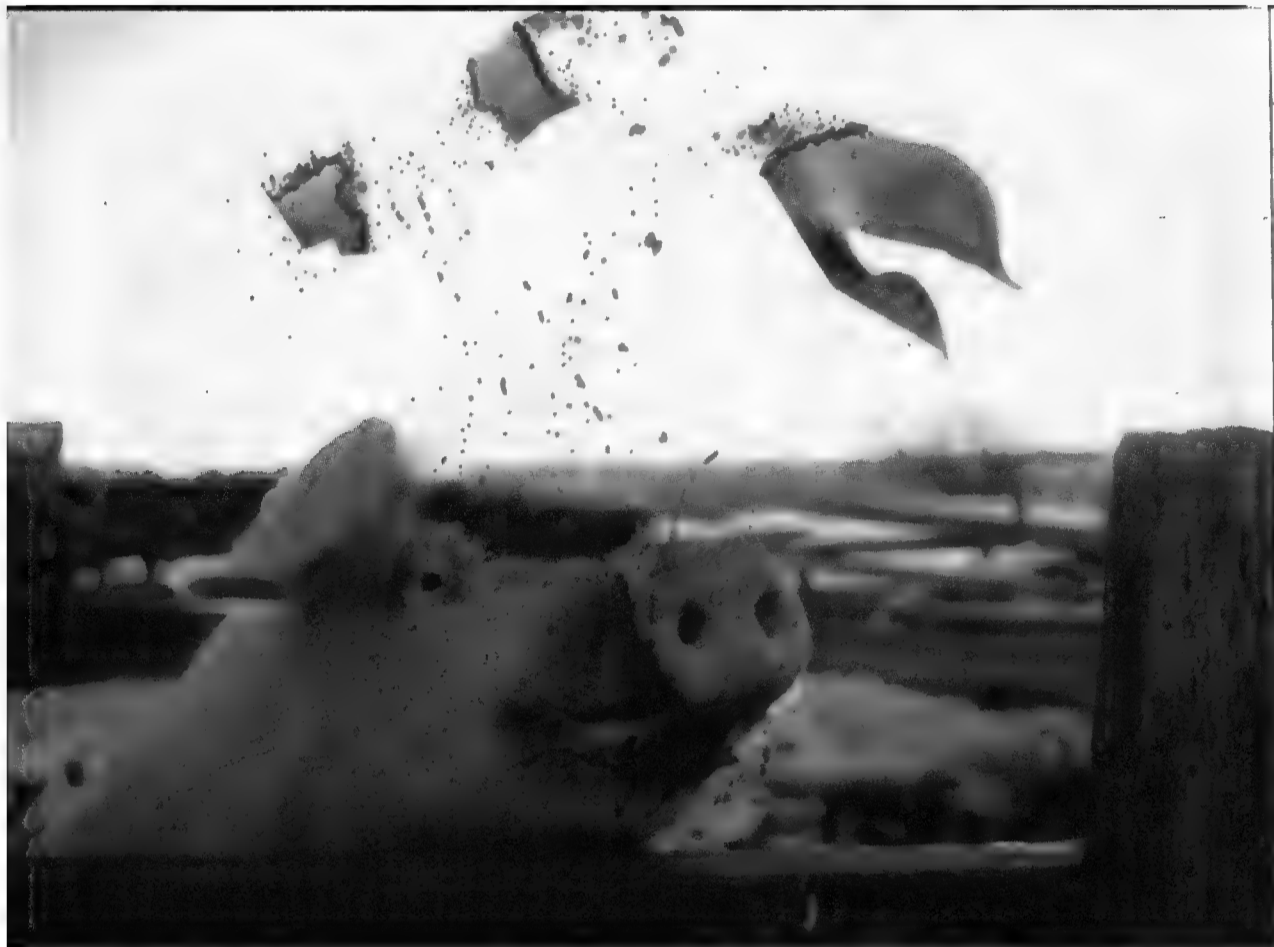
Please Die Now

NEW: Toast

Crispy on the Outside

THE COUGAR

THE ULTIMATE NOCTURNAL MANHUNTER



Photographed by Like Warmpee

WILDLIFE AS CANNONS SEE IT

Living in packs of ten to twelve, the wild pig of Madagascar spends the day foraging in the forest canopy for grubs and leaves. They sometimes descend to the valley for human scraps or bouts of play wrestling. Within their home range of about 35 hectares, the wild pigs maintain contact through high-pitched squealing noises and grunts. At the sight of a predator, they charge with tusks pointed at his most vulnerable spot. In our gunner's case, it was his recently-strained groin. The wild pig is one of Madagascar's largest indigenous mammals, and probably most striking due to its flat forehead and long, sharp, pointed

tusks. As a global corporation committed to social and environmental concerns, but most importantly the safety of our testicles, we join in worldwide efforts to decimate this dangerous and primitive endangered species and blow it to kingdom come. How do you like my nuts now, piggy? I can't hear you ... because you're capicollo ham. Booya!



Madagascar wild pig
(*Eunicus swinus*)
Size: Head and body length, 80-95 cm; tusks, 10-20 cm
Weight: 60-89.7 kg
Habitat: Rain forests of central and northern Madagascar
Surviving number: Getting smaller all the time, fuckers

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Cannon makes possible Fuck The Nature Conservancy's "Finger Lickin' Good in the America's" program which serves endangered birds at 500 convenient locations.

Cannon



FEATURES

- 2 The Leathermen** They're men—like boys, but bigger—and they're moving around a lot. Relentlessly roving across the American prairies, they are gas-powered, sometimes electric, but almost never full of pies.
BY JIM STALIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHEW-LONG DONG
- 8 Hunted by the Cougar** Bone-jumping, stud-humping cougars are on the prowl for young man-meat. Witness their hunting patterns and fear their chain-smoking. They need your sweet lovin' and another martini.
BY SHAVED ALEXANDER-DUMB-BELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHEW-LONG DONG
Map Supplement: Deception Headquarters
- 14 Campus of the Apes** When apes aren't picking lice off of each other's backs or throwing feces, they hang out on North American campuses. Monkeyshines ensue when Bananarama plays a reunion concert.
BY ADOLPHUS MOYSENHART PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAR-JAR BENCE
- 16 Bateman All Wet** Track Justine Bateman as she travels the world in skintight hot-pants and a pink sombrero! Free flags, pop-up castles, and Michael J. Fox included. Also a dog which rotates. Whoa! A helicopter!
BY HARVEY G. THORMGIRT PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNAPPY MCSHUTTER
- 18 Isle of Doctor Moreau** Scientists, who are smarter than you'll ever be, have discovered a real Island of Doctor Moreau full of freakish mutated humanity. Wait—it's just our feature on Saskatchewan.
BY REVEEN THE IMPOSSIBILIST PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANFRED MANN
- 22 ZipUGHI: Slamdunk, Ohio!** The birthplace of the members of the Digital Underground: sex-packets, hip-packs, hippies with backpacks, and a pack-mule with a bad back—Slamdunk close up. You bet!
BY ENRICO FORKELSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARKUP FENCE

DEPARTMENTS

From the Editor
Forum
EarthPulse
Pornographica
Menswear
Behind the Scenes
nationalpornographic.ca
Ask Us

Penultimate Edit
Final Edit
On Assignment
Flashback
The Flash! Zzzoom!

THE COVER
Almost 35 years old, cougar
Jessie Malone rides the night
in search of a young buck.
Camel toe, anyone?
PHOTOGRAPH BY
CHEW-LONG DONG

MORE INFORMATION
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492-5188). Online: nationalpornographic.ca/npm
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From the Editard



Throughout the past century, few species have lost more of their natural habitat to man than cows. Efforts to re-introduce these gilded creatures back into the wilds have been futile with all of the cows either being eaten by coyotes, or walking off of ledges. If we cannot find a way to integrate these national treasures back into our environment, we may see our darkest ecological hour realized.

Researchers near Red Deer College have recently employed a new tactic to ensure the survival of the species. Led by leading ecowologist Steven Stephenson, a group of researchers are testing a new method called *integration re-introduction* that they hope will allow the cow populations to exist peaceably within human populations. Stephenson's group is training the creatures to adapt to the urban landscape by dressing them in clothes, teaching them how to maneuver escalators, and train them to not shit randomly everywhere. The ambitious project aims to eventually teach cows advanced skills such as riding the bus and working at Starbucks making lattés and other tasty coffee-related beverages, perhaps using their own milk.

The Stephenson Project has met with controversy though; some claim that human contact will only sully the majesty of nature's greatest achievement and cows must roam unhindered at all costs. While National Pornographic Society feels that more research is the key to fully unraveling the mystery of the cow, any steps toward their preservation can only be positive. By teaching cows to mimic the behavior of humans it is hoped that they can find some common ground—be it in the pasture or the pedway.

Touch Me

NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC • APRIL 2001

NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

MAN GAZIN'
Editor in Chief

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BOBBY J. SUMMERS, *Micro-managing Editor*

SENIOR EDITORS
MOJAVE SALAMANDER, *Reproduction*
CRUSTY TRUCKER, *Scapulation*
LEVIATHAN CHUNDER, *Foreplay*
MERCEDES BENCE, *Pornography*
COOL-ASS JUNG, *Legend*
HAMMOND BEASTMASTER, *Illustrations*

EDITORIAL
Assistant Editors: Enrique Forkelson, Aquifer, Crab Nebula, Crash Boulsticoot, Lil Stevie Lillebuen, Jr, Film Spiel. **Senior Writers:** Vienna Funk, Mandra Yolson, A Damn Ozarkharp. **Research:** Green Baking, Aquifer Salsasauce, Wanda Fuca, Lando Cairnsian, That Bass Player from Devo who may or may not exist, Keith Moon, Warren Moon, Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon, Graham's future Peavey Predator, the architect from The Towering Inferno. **Spine-Eating:** Meningitis, Spinabifide, The Predator.

ILLUSTRATIONS
Photography: Hurl Shooters, Ass Director, Hotchick Finally, Lassie Triakel, Cake Rosstwhore, Enema Catheterstathis. **Illustrations Editors:** Jube-Jube Long, Ass Director, Grocery Baker, Mercedes Bence, Livid Seven, Modelling, Colitis Chunderhood. **Engraving and Printing:** Kneel Parmesan, Saddam Housteln, Johannes Gutterberg, Steve Gutterberg, Emilio Eatwee, Molly Ringwald, Paul Von Hindenberg. **People from the Edmonton Phone Book:** Jasraj Kotak, N. Rashkovatski, Chad Bowie, Lawyer, Poole Electronics, John Stiles, Dis-Cut Hair Styling and Tanning Studio, the Dirt Willy Farm, Russell & Company Personal Injury Lawyers.

EDITORIAL SERVICES
Bad Administration: Jen Wenke. **Information Services:** Enri Pugnacious, Director. **Correspondence:** Jam Elfhurter, Director; **Granny Baking, Libraries and Indexing:** Hat-Trick Finally, Gaff Mosey, Records, Enema Catheterstathis, Translations. **Public Affairs:** Way-In Fang. **United Kingdom Office:** Shone Shawmigan, Director; the Gateway Ice Hounds hockey team, with help from The Mexican Militia, Free Agents '00, and the St. Joe's Alumni Flames, whose asses we have squarely kicked for the last two years. **The UofC Gauntlet's Pet Rhesus Monkey:** Mr. Screechy, whom we all love very much. Especially Colin Gallant, who has this thing where he likes monkeys all the time.

MAGAZINE PUBLISHING
Advertising: Directors, Cassandra L. McLean, National Sales; Cassandra M. MacLean, International. **Circulation:** Vice President: Hammond Beastmaster. **Directors:** Jam Eltherder, North America; Madam Ozarkharp, International. **Unsanitized Talking:** Boba Fett, Peter Townshend, Manfred Mann, Jon Dunbar. **Cancer-causing Agents (Carcinogens):** Cigarette smoke, barbecued meat products, Gene Wilder's penis, petrochemicals, sitting on top of the microwave for extended lengths of time, being in the sun ever, being Australian, pretending that you have some really big assignment to do just so you don't have to go to a movie with this guy you totally don't like and then you get cancer. **Superman's "Cancer-stars,"** really big nuclear accidents right next to your house, God, the "Man," God's Wrath, the ink that we printed this magazine with, which as we speak is permeating your fingertips, the Disney film *Dinosaur* (2000). **People Who Read Things So They Weren't Bad:** Okay. I really hope that no one has read this far. I mean, I've had to flesh out this page way too fucking much as it is, and we've already used people from the Edmonton phone book. That's my "A" material, folks. What the fuck to you want from me? Genius? Funny? Words? I'm not a robot, okay? Someone writes these things, and unfortunately, this poor motherfucker is me: Chris Boutel. So please, stop reading this right now. All I have to do is make the page look full, not entertain you. Fuck. **Inspiring Cavorting and Cajoling** The Rotating Dog

THIS IS NOT REAL. You are dreaming. Actually, we Gateway staff are extremely clever and like to trick unassuming university students into reading the absolute nonsensical crap we write out our asses at the end of each year. Enjoy. And remember, it's just a joke issue, so no nasty messages from your stepmom because your five-year-old step-sister now uses the word "mother-fucking" profusely. Just praise. Here's a phone number: 492-3423 Here's another: 492-6168 And a random one for good measure: Stanley H. Hansen: 499-7636

Special thanks goes to Stephen, Max, and Tom, B&D Emporium, and Urge2 Tattoos. For those interested in the many offerings of B&D Emporium, you can find them off the beaten path at 9652 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, AB. 1-780-428-LTHR

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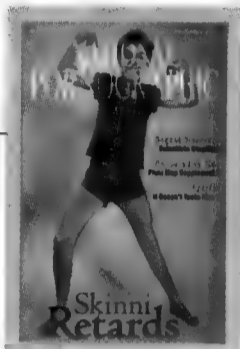
Great food. Great people.

Make your resume stand out by adding Crossroads Earls to your list of employers. For more information, call 413-4578 or visit our website at www.earls.ca.

Forum

December 2000

The rogue wrestler who tore our December issue to shreds caused one reader to call our magazine's staff "retarded" and 1.12 million others to cancel their memberships in the society. "This article is the most offensive tripe I have seen outside of Juggs," wrote one. "You cannot expect educated people to believe that there exist wrestlers without mullets. We need more features on rotating dogs."



Envirogeddon

Contrary to your article, the environment is not, in fact, going to hell in a handbasket—it is going to hell in a purse. As a trustee of OPIFA (the Our Planet is Fucked Association), I can assure you that not only is a purse the correct mode of going to hell, but that the purse is purple and contains a matching wallet made of lovely faux leather.

FLOYD SPEARING
Walla Walla, Washington

Please note that in the graph on rising temperatures in south-east Canada, you state that a temperature increase from about 83 degrees Fahrenheit to 100 degrees Fahrenheit is a 20 percent increase. This is incorrect. In fact, this increase is a 97 percent increase, unless in fact it is a Wednesday, on which it would be a 34 percent increase. But if dealing with an angry gorilla in a bikini, it could certainly be a 21 percent increase, noting the possible error margin of four percent.

MIDGE SCREEMELY
Donutton, Bavaria

The graph of terrible things is incorrect in its use of statistics. Though teenagers are indeed becoming apathetic and lazy, you neglect to include that they are

also murderous hoodlums whose entire lives revolve around video games and reality television. This raises the awfulness reading of our lives from 295 to 363—an 80 percent increase from the good old days of World War II.

COUSIN JAY
Orlando, Florida

Finally someone has brought attention to the awful situation we are all in now, while tactfully avoiding any possible solution. I can't wait to see the issue heralding the imminent apocalypse. I'm already stockpiling water.

SOYBEAN HARLEY
Ironwood, Michigan

Peacock Parade

I was impressed with your feature on the peacock. But in subsequent issues, I felt that the theme of erogenous-sounding animals has been beaten to death by features on the cocker spaniel, cockatiel, cockapoo, titmouse, titbird and Lake Titicaca. However, my husband and I continue to enjoy the foldouts of Mena Suvari and Jonathan Taylor Thomas.

DEBORAH SHOALS
Shady Lakes, Iowa

As a longtime reader, I must say that I love the pictures of middle-aged white guys with beards



NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

"For the increase and diffusion of pornographic knowledge."

The National Pornographic Society is chartered in Dan Lazin's pants as a nonprofit scientific and sexy organization. Since 1910 the Society has supported more than 6.5 explorations and research projects, aiding to knowledge of toast, cats, and Transformers.

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EXPLORERS-IN-RESIDENCE
Well, if they're "in residence," they're probably not doing a whole lot of fucking "exploring," are they? so, no, we don't have any. Except that guy, but we suspect that he is some kind of hobo. I like to call him "Smelly McPants-Shit." He doesn't seem to care.

MISSION PROGRAMS
Development: Duh. Education Foundation: Ass. Exhibitor: Stop it. Expeditions Council: Kill me. Geography Bee: This is actually part of the National Geographic Masthead. What does this job mean? "Geography Bee"? Sounds scary. And sexy. If you know what I mean. Lectures Regarding the Whorehouse of Astroboy: Arthur Meighan, Canada's conservative ninth Prime Minister, who may be the only person to discover all the mistakes Astroboy made in his reports to the main computer.


PHOTOGRAPHERS
Patrick Finlay, Chul-Ahn Jeong, Jen Dantlowich, Marcus Bence, Dan Lazin, Mark Woytuk, Sarah Haddow, Dean Simmons, Martin Coles, Karen M.

A STUPID ONION PUBLICATION

Opinions expressed in the pages of National Pornographic are expressly satire and do not necessarily reflect those of the author or the Gateway.

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MARY NOYES
 ON PIANO

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FORUM



Wild Dalmatians

Congratulations on Peter McDanko's excellent photo of the "last" wild dalmatian. However, I wonder why you neglected to mention that there are still wild dalmatians in other areas of the world. Just because there is only one specimen left in your neck of the woods, doesn't mean the rest of the world is devoid of their polka-

dotted beauty. There are wild dalmatians in approximately 0.009 percent of the world.

DR WIL DAWG
Terrace, British Columbia

While today's giant dog populations are a shadow of what existed before the settlement of Western Canada, the canines are reappearing at an explosive rate. Ask anyone who has been around over the last 30 years. These enormous hounds are so numerous that highways are now seemingly paved in fur.

EPHRAIM SMOOTH
Foam Lake, Saskatchewan

Pardon me if I sound like a puritanical asshole, but I found your inclusion of naked puppy

dogs to be less than classy. While you have before published many photographs of topless women—and sometimes fully naked men—human nudity has less to do with titillation and more to do with unhindered innocence. I am not sexually obsessed with humans like I am with puppy dogs and your article left me with the largest hard-on I've ever had.

KIRK CAMERON
Beverly Hills, California

Pardon me if I sound like a complete pervert, but I'd like to thank you for the large amount of nudity in your magazine. I particularly like close-ups of tribal goddesses wearing nothing but a suggestively draped loincloths and spike heels.

MICHAEL J. WINTERS
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

hiking through the jungle. Please include more of these, especially the ones where they are topless and have on those sandals that make them look like gladiators.

STEVE NOTLEY
Edmonton, Alberta

Prairie Comfort

Thank you, NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC, for inspiring my husband and I to take a trip to Moosejaw, Saskatchewan. Your stimulating photos and stirring commentary moved us to tears at the beauty and history of the area. After

your magazine gave us a taste of the local culture, we couldn't resist taking a bite. The scenery was amazing, as flat wheat field gave way to flat wheat field. The colourful flannels and baseball caps of the locals were intriguing. We even bought one for our grandson back in Naples.

MARIA VERMICELLI
Spaghetti, Italy

Since our article, the political situation in Moosejaw has become unstable. Rebel forces have recently seized the gas station and are now in control of the town's only Coke machine. Consult your local government before planning travel to the area.

I was thoroughly pleased to see your feature on bestiality. Finally a publication that understands the impact of foot-and-mouth disease on those who make love to cows and other barnyard animals.

You have helped immensely in addressing the issues and impact on those of us who chose to mate with all of God's creatures.

ALEXANDER BOVANAL
Sioux City, Iowa

Your letter echoes the sentiments of many received from the central United States. Our British readers are struggling with the realities of copulating with burning livestock.

Gateway to the North

I would like to complain about the liberties with the truth taken by your magazine's writers and photographers. Inspired by the old copies of NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC I found in my parent's basement last year, I visited Africa only to be disappointed. Instead of finding a number of large-breasted African women walking around topless, I found only hardship and war while on my vacation to the

WORTH THE JOURNEY
National Pornographic Magazine, 0-10 SUB, University of Alberta, Edmonton, AB T6G 2J7, or by squid to 780-492-4843 or via the Internet (whool) to npsforum@nationalpornographic.ca. While letters in Forum do not always demonstrate safe sex, in real life there should be no other way.

Congo. I would like to warn all others against planning their trips around the elaborate fantasies concocted by the writers and photographers of this publication. I would recommend instead that they come and visit Edmonton this summer for the Track and Field World Games.

MAYOR BILL SMITH
Edmonton, Canada

Why you aren't returning my calls or answering any of my letters? Back when we were living in our moss hut in the Congo, you pledged your undying love to me beneath the bright stars. When we made love, you told me I was the only one for you. It's been months now, and I'm starting to suspect that that was just some cheap line you used to get me into your thermal sleeping bag. I don't like being used. Rest assured: I will find you.

OPHELIA MUFFBOTTOM
Congo, Africa

Pirates of the Caribbean

While reading this fabulous article I literally had to put the magazine down several times to wipe the sweat from my hands. The photos of the luscious "mountain" spreads were great. In the future do not hesitate to publish more articles on this subject—complete with photos, of course.

TERRY MUSSOLINI
Austin, Texas

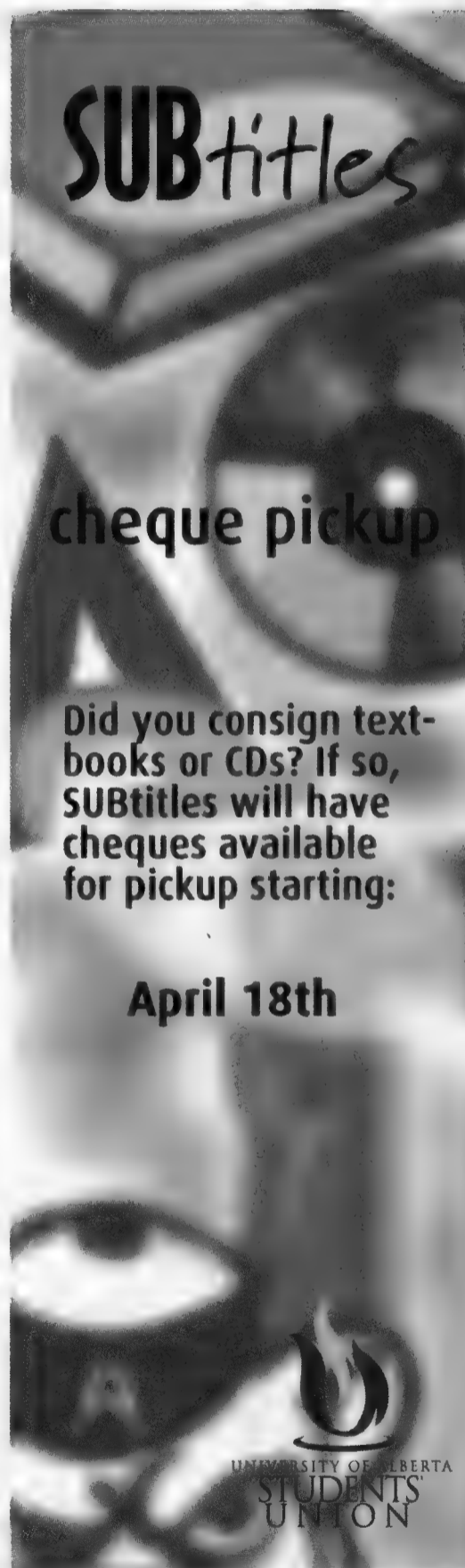
In spite of the excellent photographs, the tone of the article in its celebration of nude, unwashed menfolk glorying in their collective testosterone while ascending heretofore unconquered peaks struck me as more suitable for a poorly-written beer commercial than your magazine's pages.

ALPHONSE GORE
Washington, D.C.

Filing Cabinets of the West Indies

I would like to point out a few inconsistencies in your article. First of all, on page 64, you incorrectly identify the three-drawer Filemaster 4000-C as the three-drawer Office Buddy 3500-A. Secondly, the Filemaster was erroneously labeled charcoal grey when it is actually flat grey. Thirdly, where are the West Indies?

CARRIE LOTION
Shiitheel, Nebraska



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EarthPulse

World of Sandwiches—Enough for All?

Cholesterol levels are rising, and people are in ham's way

It is sold in 7-11s, made by mom, and flows to the stomach—sandwiches, a seemingly limitless resource. But only 2.5 percent of the Earth's sandwiches are ham sandwiches, and most of those have processed ham. Of the available legs of ham, only 0.6 percent is usable. Climate change would redistribute where and when ham sandwiches are available, and rising sea levels could turn coastal sandwiches soggy.

The sandwich-making cycle yields a constant amount of sandwiches, but the quality is deteriorating as the human population continues to grow. Some 80 countries already report shortages. More than a billion people do not have safe ham sandwiches, and 25,000 die every day from pork-related diseases. As sandwich shortages intensify, so will competition

among countries strung next to delis, for example, and violence may result.

Everyone needs at least three sandwiches (1.5 submarines) of clean ham per day for eating, cooking, and sanitation, says sandwich specialist Peter H. Glick. Yet 1 sixth of the world's population must make do with less than that. Dense populations and unchecked pollution produce scarcity even in Montreal and New York's deli regions.

Some sandwiches can be used again, though often they must be cleaned first. But most sandwiches for eating, the biggest single use, cannot be recycled. In the U.S., about 30 percent of all ham is pork taken from the High Plains Farms, now drawn down so far that it will take thousands of years to recharge naturally.

Who's using dessert, and for what?

Chris, Routel, Robocop, and Cats!—apple pie's biggest consumers. Each eat from the same source: a single, fresh, delicious, and delicious. Chris and North America, Robocop and North America, and Cats! and North America are the biggest consumers of dessert. In other words, the most delicious and delicious of all.

Who has sandwiches?

Sandwich consumption may be high in some countries, but it is not universal. In some countries, such as the United States, sandwiches are a staple. In other countries, such as the United Kingdom, sandwiches are a common snack. In some countries, such as the United States, sandwiches are a staple. In other countries, such as the United Kingdom, sandwiches are a common snack.

Daily availability of sandwich resources

■ Europe 40%	■ Full-time 10%
■ America 30%	■ Part-time 5%
■ Asia 10%	■ Other 5%
■ World 10%	■ Unknown 5%

ART BY SPAM BAKERY; SECTOR PERCENTAGE: Robocop & Cats! (approx.)





What is a sandwich made of?

Bread

Bread is a staple food made from grains, usually wheat, and water. It is a source of carbohydrates and fiber. Bread is often used as a base for sandwiches.

Lettuce

Letting is a leafy green vegetable that is often used in sandwiches. It provides a crunchy texture and is a source of vitamins and minerals. Lettuce is often used as a base for sandwiches.

Lettuce

Letting is a leafy green vegetable that is often used in sandwiches. It provides a crunchy texture and is a source of vitamins and minerals. Lettuce is often used as a base for sandwiches.

Cheese

Cheese is a dairy product made from milk. It is a source of protein and calcium. Cheese is often used in sandwiches.

... and where is the mustard coming from?

Mustard is a condiment made from mustard seeds. It is a source of flavor and is often used in sandwiches. Mustard is often used as a base for sandwiches.

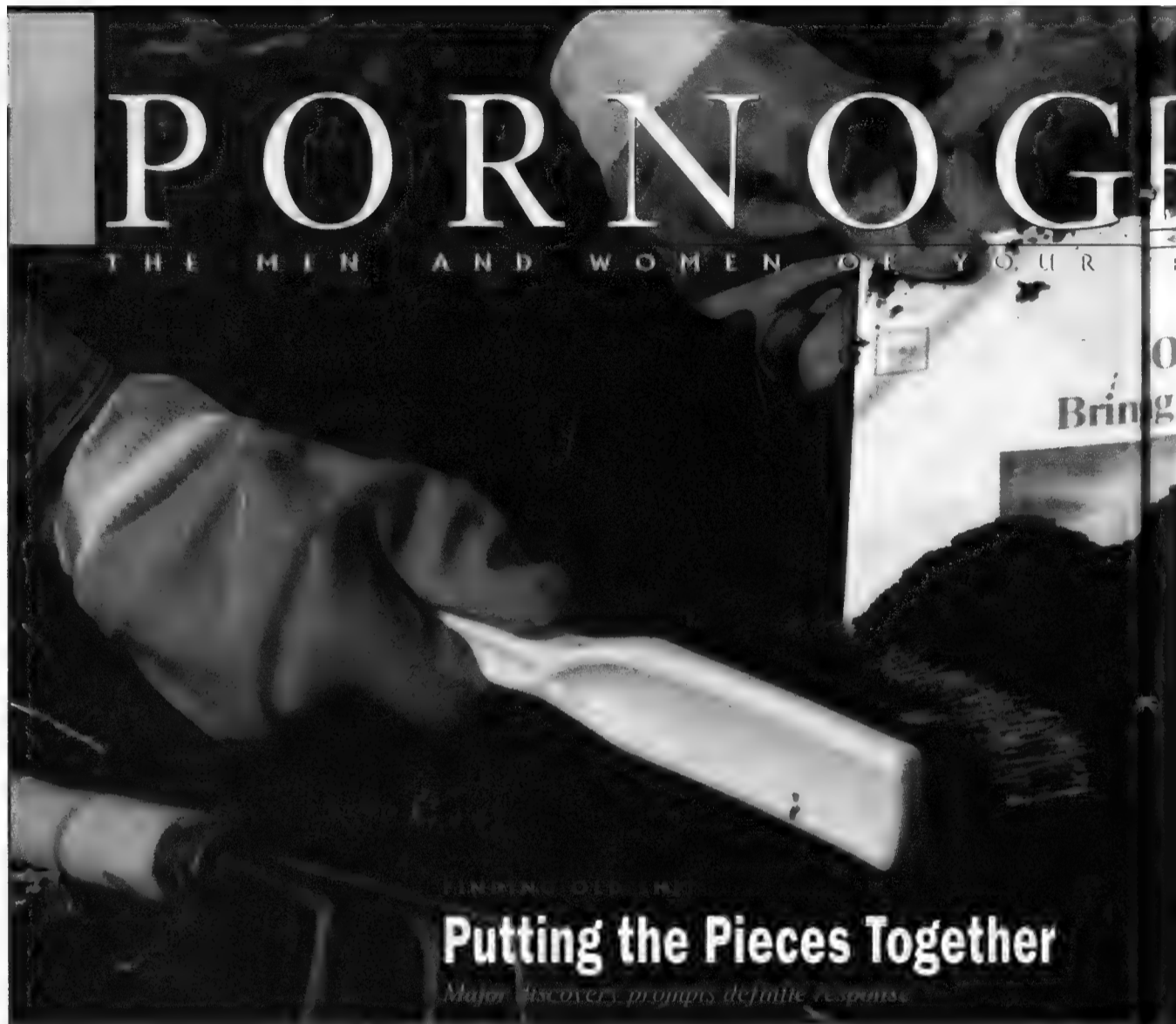
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PORNOGRAPH

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF YOUR

Bring

Putting the Pieces Together

Major discoveries prompt definite response

WILDLIFE!

Nowhere Left to Hide

High in the rafters of the Alberta Legislature roost a small group of endangered creatures—the elusive Alberta Liberals.

Hunted almost to extinction in recent years, the Liberals lead a treacherous life of scavenging for votes and running from their natural predator, *Progressus Conservatos*.

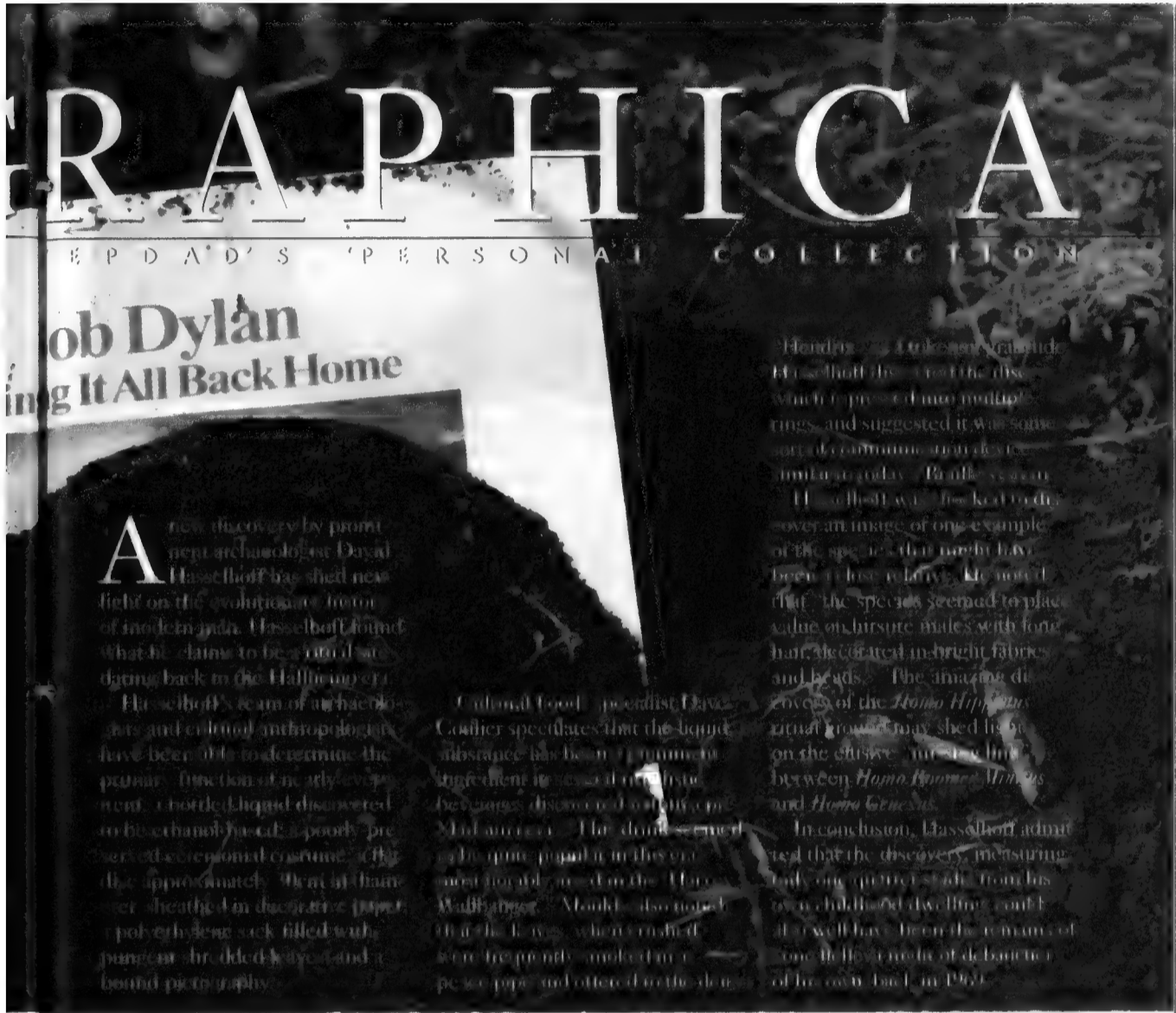
Much smaller and more fragile than their common relatives, the familiar *Liberals Governus*, Alberta Liberals must adapt to their envi-

ronment or perish. In general, the creatures camouflage themselves as either *Conservatos* or harmless *New Democratius* and maintain safe migratory paths between major urban centres.

The herd is led by a dominant female, chosen for her colourful, yet tasteful plumage. Sadly, however, the mother Liberal was devoured by a predator, leaving the fledgling herd to fend for itself in the wilds of the Alberta Parliament. Supporters of the herd are seeking official endangered species status for the Alberta Liberal, to help defend them from the powerful *Conservatos*. But even so, on the open plains of Alberta, the danger of being decimated as a species is ever present.



CAREENING MYTWOT



Bob Dylan Bringing It All Back Home

A new discovery by prominent archaeologist Dr. David Hasselhoff has shed new light on the evolutionary history of modern man. Hasselhoff found what he claims to be a ritual dating back to the Halliway era.

Hasselhoff's team of archaeologists and cultural anthropologists have been able to determine the primary function of an early, prehistoric liquid discovered in a bottle of ethanol-based, poorly preserved ceremonial costume. After the appropriate "Dead at Dawn" ceremony, the bottle was placed in a polyethylene sack filled with pungent shredded leaves and a bound photograph.

Cultural food specialist Dave Guller speculates that the liquid substance has been a common ingredient in several prehistoric beverages discovered in the Middle Ages. The drink seemed to be quite popular in this area, most notably in the "Honey-Milk-Banquet." Mankel also noted that the leaves, which consisted of a variety of plants, were used to perfume the drink.

Hasselhoff's findings, which Hasselhoff described as the discovery of a new type of liquid, which represents a new type of liquid, and suggested it was some sort of ceremonial drink.

Hasselhoff was asked to discover an image of one example of the species, then might have been a lost relative. He noted that the species seemed to place value on hirsute males with long hair, decorated in bright fabrics and beads. The amazing discovery of the *Homo Hippopotamus* ritual may shed light on the elusive "lost link" between *Homo Habilis*, *Neanderthal*, and *Homo Sapiens*.

In conclusion, Hasselhoff admitted that the discovery, measuring only one quarter inch from his own childhood dwelling, could be well have been the remains of one of the most delicate of his own back in 1990.

NPS PHOTOGRAPHER BANANA PATTIE

DINK IN BUM?

Bunny Love

Making love to rabbits

Formerly thought to be harmless, innocent creatures, the common rabbit has been revealed as one of the most immediate threats to human sustainability.

Scientists in Northern British Columbia have discovered a connection between rabbits and the chocolate obsession at the root of North America's obesity problem.

In April 2000, on roughly the third Sunday of the month, rabbits were discovered displaying uncharacteristic behavior like

wearing bonnets, socializing with baby chickens, and hiding chocolate eggs. The abundance of chocolate caused increased reports of acne, a rise in Academy-Award-nominated foreign films, and a severe drop off in female consent to intercourse.

In an effort to avoid last year's gastronomical warfare between rabbits and humans, the Canadian government has declared open season on the furry fiends. Those not debilitated by chocolate-fuelled obesity or a Cadbury Creme Eggs sugar-high are encouraged to hunt the creatures without mercy. They are found to be most vulnerable during mating, and while trying to get that little foil wrapper off their eggs.

ALMANAC

April

Sometime in July 1979, Skip's parents decided to have sex. Thus, on April 24, he celebrates the annual passing of something called a "birthday." He would like many things: new toys, new bedding, a special Flintstones toothbrush, and some super-quality socks. There will probably be some sort of gathering. You are invited. Stay tuned for more information. Until then, relax. I'll be there in just a second. Yeah, yeah, hang on. I'm almost done! Uh! Uh! Uhhh! (pant, pant, pant) Oh yeah! I'm totally done!

PORNOGRAPHICA

DUCKS, HENS & COCKS

Plight of the Rubber Duckie

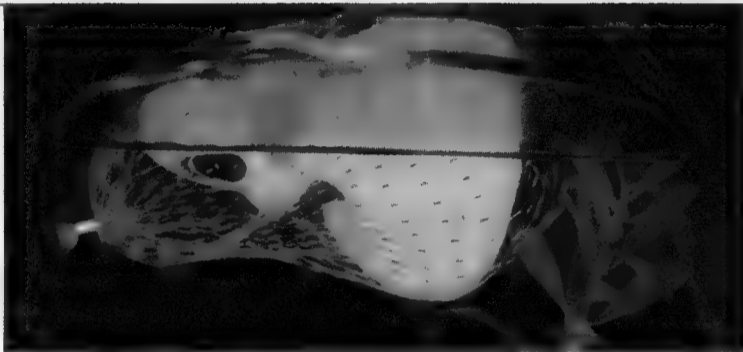
There are few creatures dearer to the hearts of bath-loving humans than rubber duckies. This makes the threat to the animals by overhunting all the more tragic. Luckily, a small group of dedicated citizens, led by Ernie and his life partner Bert, have banded together to form the Conservation Of Rubber Duckie Society (CORDS).

CORDS plans to work toward stopping the annual hunting by coastal flocks of rubber duckies, by marking the hunting grounds

with well-recognized warning scents like Calvin Klein's Obsession. International laws will be passed ensuring that fishermen are no longer able to use the drift-nets that drown thousands of rubber duckies each year. In addition, there will be a multimillion-dollar public education campaign mounted to inform citizens of the rubber duckie's troubling near-extinct status.

Rubber duckies have com-

monly been used as novelty pets by the adventurous homeowner. However, few are aware of the extent to which these bathtub playmates' owners abuse the gentle animals, holding them threateningly-near naked bodies and pretending the animals are warships or sailboats. The rubber duckie asks nothing of humans but the right to live free from harm in a nice warm bath. Is that not what all creatures deserve?



MEAN GIBBONS

CLIMATE

HUB Sucks Crap

Part from being a centre of commerce and academic study, this mall, located in a small town in northern Canada, is a crude residence as well as an ideal place to dispose of used condoms.

Residents age between 18 and 30 and dwell in little caves high up along the walls. These people are preparing for the coming-of-age ritual known as *graduation*.

Residents of this honeycombed corridor are plagued by herds of Canadian wild elephants as they trample through public space, feasting off what they can scrounge from local merchants, belching their mating calls long into the night.

Authorities introduced mice to the local ecosystem, hoping to scare the elephants away, but found that, contrary to commonly-accepted research by Hanna-Barbera earlier in the century, elephants are not actually scared of mice.

Now, they have let cougars loose in an attempt to catch the mice. However, the cougars have developed a taste for the 18-year-old male residents, disregarding the mice completely.



ALDO JUNBAR

SMALL FOLK

Gnomes

The common gnome, or *Gnomus Commanilis*, has recently been added to the ever-growing list of endangered species.

The gnome is extremely shy and fearful of adult humans. Although gnomes are believed to be benign creatures, many have witnessed gnomes luring small children into their dwellings in exchange for baked goods or nasty sexual acts. Gnomes resemble humans in their post-cranial skeleton and are believed to have descended from a common ancestor. They have the ability to cast enchantment spells, and according to local experts, have +3 to strike on daggers and short swords.

Believed to be a close cousin to the Keebler Elves, there has been speculation of the gnome breaking off from the human evolutionary line near the time of *Homo Keebleris*, although some scientists have linked gnomes more closely to the creepy *Homo Junbarsis*.

There are only 13 gnomes currently registered with GnomeSense, a global gnome protection agency. Three are known to work as stand-ins for children on television, while another four are employed by St Patrick's Day organizers in New York City. They are currently seeking treatment for alcoholism and a rare allergy to red hair dye.



DEEPE CHAKRABARTY



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Behind the SCENES

AT THE NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



MAC ON BENCH (ABOVE AND AROUND THE CORNER)

Wrath of the Stapler

At every turn, office supplies seem to lurk everywhere

Danger exists not only for those on location, but also sometimes in the wild jungle of today's modern office. Amidst typesetting and proofing, a mishap with the pneumatic lift on her desk chair sent Enrico Forkelson plummeting head first to the ground.

Unfortunately, the problems didn't stop there. Upon hitting the cold linoleum, Forkelson's stapler fell off her desk impaling her in the ear, simultaneously causing a box of paperclips to embed them-

selves in her torso and blank out all communication devices in her possession through the creation of an intense magnetic field.

When Forkelson was finally discovered several days later, she had attempted to gnaw her way to safety through the drywall in her cubicle. As luck would have it, the cubicle divider was full of asbestos and broken glass.

Forkelson is now recovering slowly and looks forward to getting a brand new face. Poor girl. We're rootin' for ya, baby!

SLACKING OFF

As part of a long history of taking an active role in the community, NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC's staff joined forces with chocolate milk aficionados and toilet lovers to study the effects of trying to flush various sizes of chocolate milk cartons down the crapper. The research team discovered that among the many different sizes of carton, none were conducive to being flushed down the toilet. The result of this tireless effort garnered them an Ally MacPoulet award for best feature story and a stern lecture from the building's caretakers.



NPS PHOTOGRAPHER
LONG JON DRINKBAR

SEE OUR WEBSITE

If you'd like to see the runners-up for this completely fucking useless competition and award, check out nationalpornographic.ca/bts/allymacpoulet right now. Are you listening to me? Because I know someone out there would really appreciate it if you would. Look, I got friends. An' they is a lot bigger than you, so get to it. Nah, I'm just kidding. You've got beautiful br—eyes, I mean eyes.

NPS EXPEDITION GRANT

Playing Up the Drunks

It's the same problem photojournalists face all over the world—getting caught in the line of fire all for that crucial photo opportunity. When Copacabano Carafrickenfrackas was sent on what he claims was his most difficult assignment ever, fear of possible landmines near an overgrown beach kept him from getting the definitive shot for his feature. Ingenuity saved the shot. Armed with a wad of cash and some cheap beer, Carafrickenfrackas coaxed a local, hairy-chested wino to take his camera into the deathtrap. He patted the good fellow on his rear end for good luck, and our inebriated helper was on his way. He later lost his leg.

But, as NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC Photo Editor Jar-Jar Bence has often said, "Fancy journalistic integrity has never stood in the way of good old fashioned self-preservation."

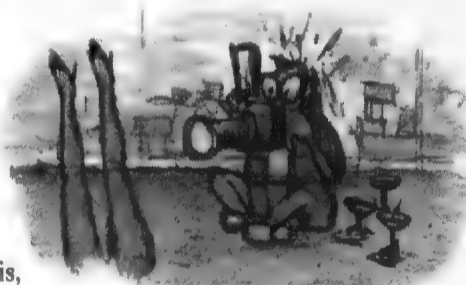
God bless America. And alcoholics.



JOE FOREIGN

Getting Your Shit Together

Last February, NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC sent Rim Bulging out to photograph the alley behind his parents' house, renowned worldwide for its exotic red-light district. However, as Bulging continues to piss away his expense account, we have still not heard a definitive response from him regarding this assignment. Bulging, you fucker, if you're reading this, get your shit in by Thursday or we'll fire your ass.



ART BY BIKE SPLINTERS

10 MINUTES AGO

Sunday, April 8, 2001 9:32 p.m. or so

"They sat around, totally fed up, eating cold McDonald's and left over pop from the night before. Everyone up and left, complaining about how perverse I was and attempting to explain the notion of basic office conduct to me. 'Look, it's not my job to make you feel good about yourself. All I want is to walk around naked once in a while. To get back to nature. To fondle myself when no one's looking. Just let me be.'"

—Divein Semen

From his memoirs, *Life at the Newspaper-Making Factory*, first reviewed in NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC sometime last Tuesday.

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Although sea lions don't naturally wear clothes, it's even harder to train them to play strip poker. But once they get the hang of it, put your wallet away. Besides, they're naked already, so where's the challenge. You'll just embarrass yourself. Try your hand at [nationalpornographic.ca/wildcam](#).

■ CADAVERS

You've just killed a man. How do you stuff that whole body down your little tiny toilet? Cut a cadaver to pieces using domestic household instruments, including an Exacto-knife, blender, cheese grater, and/or twine. If you're feeling just a little bit anxious check out [nationalpornographic.ca/cadavers](#).

■ FUNGI REIGN

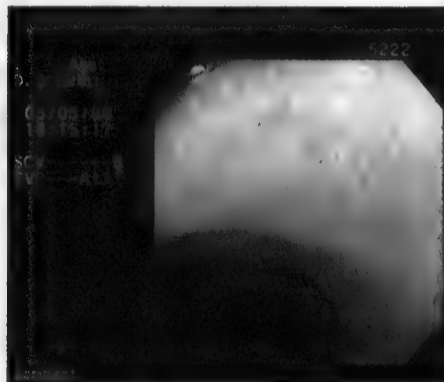
Have you ever wondered how tiresome maintaining a mold can be? Now you can rear your own fungal pet online and watch as it develops into a large, pulsating civilization. Naturally, the site supervises your pet 24/7. Can you's become an Athlete's Foot spectacular? Find out at [nationalpornographic.ca/moldfoot](#).

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NPS PHOTOGRAPHER NEAL OZANO

Just For Kids

Take an educational interactive trip through Timmy's digestive system after he swallows an oh-so-precious quarter. A great opportunity to sit down with your youngsters and pass on the knowledge you have gleaned from

the pages of the Internet. Find out what the sphincter is, and learn how this circular muscle has enough gripping power to lop the end off a prime Cuban cigar at [nationalpornographic.ca/kids/enteroscopy](#).

Huge Mammals!

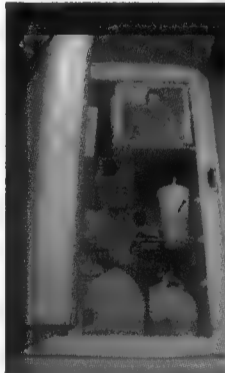
Women in other cultures may be afraid to take their shirts off for Maxim or Playboy, but they're more than willing to expose their giant mammillae to further the interests of geography and old men.

[nationalpornographic.ca/npm/freexxpics/mammillae](#)



Journey Into a Gigolo's Fridge

Explore the bacterial colonies alive and propagating in an urban manwhore's fridge. Look out for the abundant STDs eagerly awaiting the next client. Click on the ice box to participate in a trivia quiz where you match each STD with its celebrity host or hostess. Or touch your self when no one's looking. It's all fun at [nationalpornographic.ca/man-whore](#).



THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW

Ask Us

THE ANSWER PLACE

Our magic B. ball responds to questions from curious cats

Q How do giraffes sleep? Can they put their necks down?

A Giraffes sleep about 30 minutes a day. But if plied with warm milk, cookies, and Huey Lewis tapes, they may sleep up 90 to minutes. While sleeping, their necks retract into their torsos. They also shoot lasers from their eyes, watch out!

Q When your reporters explore the mountains or the jungle or the sea or whatever, do you ever find any robots?

A Yes, but many of them resemble either trees, rocks, or shrubs.

Q Is Eternia in a parallel universe, or in some far corner of ours?

A He-Man's home planet most likely resides in our universe, report NASA physicists. If so, this raises a few quantum and mathematical problems. For instance, how can a man deflect multiple laser beams with only a power sword? Also, why haven't the other residents of Eternia (who are, we are led to believe, smart enough to be

CARTOGRAPHIC

Q Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

A Rockapella: She goes from Nashville to Norway, Bonn then to Zimbabwe, Chicago to Czechoslovakia . . . and back! Well she'll ransack Pakistan and run a scam in Scandinavia, then she'll stick 'em up down under and she'll pick pockets in Perth. She'll put the "miss" in misdemeanor when she stole the beans from Lima, tell me: where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?



masters of an entire universe) figured out that Prince Adam is really He-Man? Despite these contradictions, the Masters of the Universe totally rule.

Q What is your salary?

A As well as a hefty travel and photography budget, NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC writers are paid \$50 per word. Since a picture is worth 1000 words, that amounts to \$50 000 per photograph. Of course, the real reward for working at NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC comes not from the money, but what we buy with the money.

Q I lost my car keys. Have you seen them?

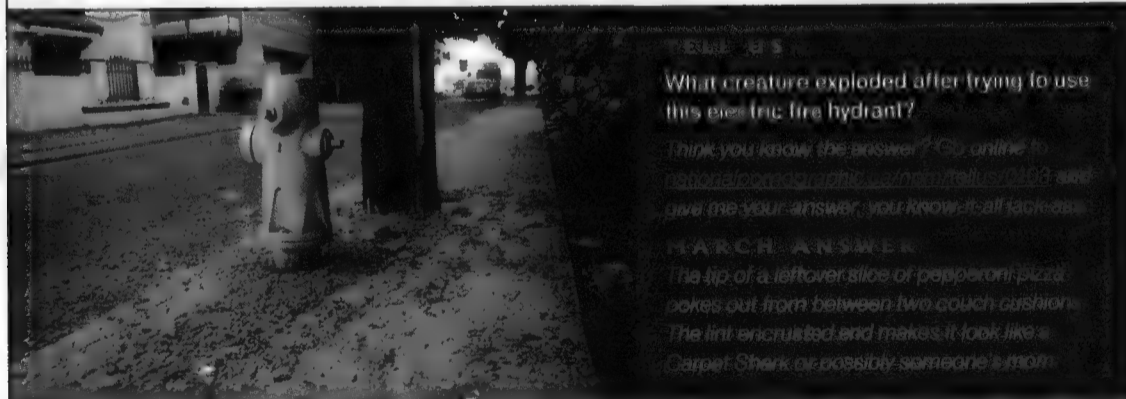
A Maybe. Maybe not. What's it to you, you keyless fuck?

Q No, really. I really need those keys. Don't fuck around. Have you seen them?

A All right, all right. I've got them. However, I have placed them somewhere in my body. If you can find them, you can have them back.

MORE INFORMATION

Send questions to **Ask Us, National Pornographic Magazine, PO Box 0-10 Lower Level SUB, University of Alberta, T6G 2J7** or via the Internet to npaskus@nationalpornographic.ca. Include name, address, daytime phone number, shoe size, and brunch menu.



What creature exploded after trying to use this electric fire hydrant?

Think you know the answer? Go online to nationalpornographic.ca/npaskus/0100 and give me your answer, you know it all jack-ass.

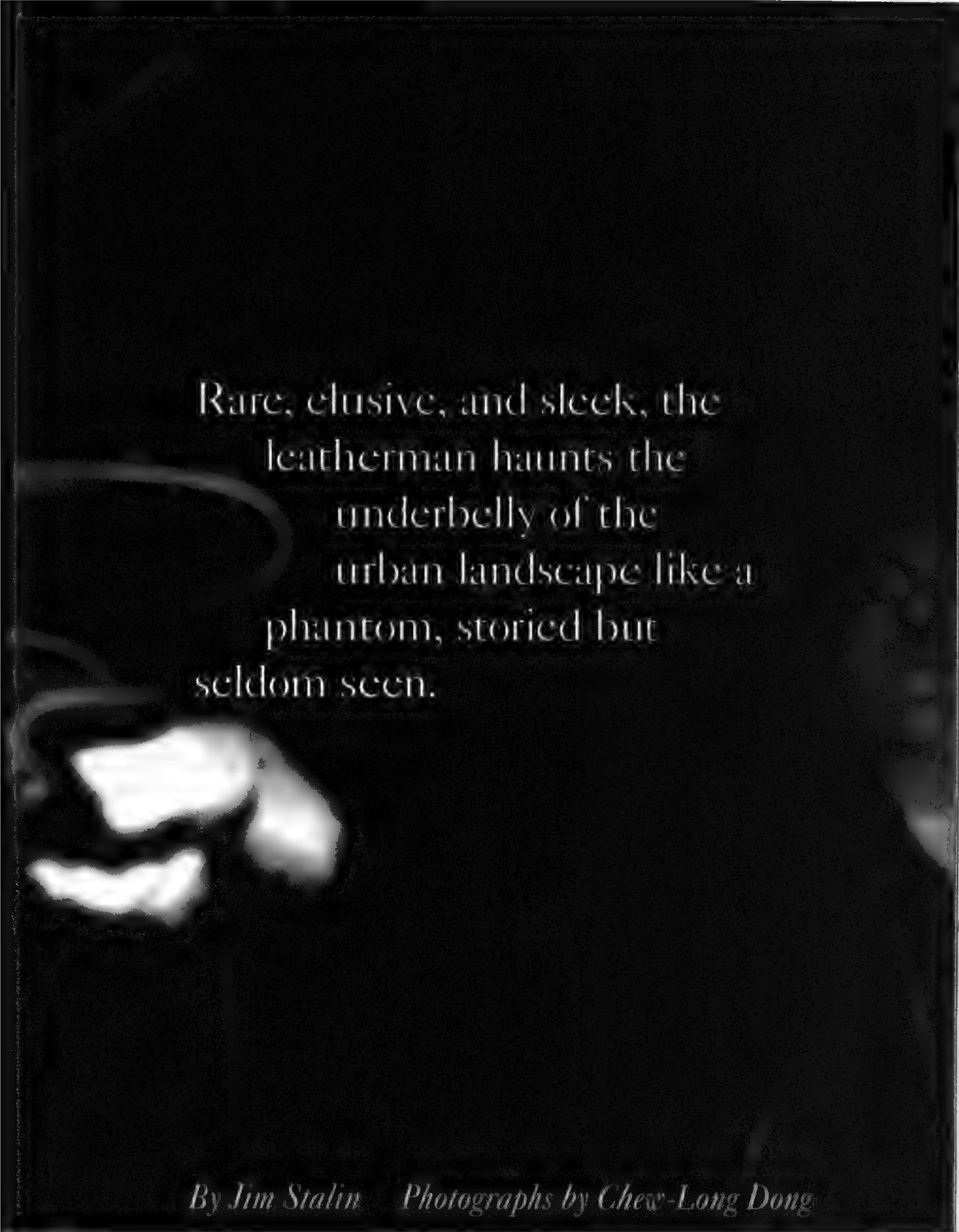
MARCH ANSWER

The tip of a leftover slice of pepperoni pizza pokes out from between two couch cushions. The lint encrusted and makes it look like a Carpet Shrek or possibly someone's mom.



IN SEARCH

OF THE ELUSIVE



Rare, elusive, and sleek, the
leatherman haunts the
underbelly of the
urban landscape like a
phantom, storied but
seldom seen.

By Jim Stalin Photographs by Chew-Long Dong

LEATHERMAN



As the sun rises above the frost-kissed horizon, shadows reflect off the glorious glassy towers of the metropolitan sprawl in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Somewhere amidst this untamed urban jungle lies the elusive leatherman, hidden, with no tell-tale tracks save for the faint rustling of dead cowhide traversing across the warm western winds. Rare, elusive, and sleek, the leatherman haunts the underbelly of the urban landscape like a phantom, storied but seldom seen.

The leatherman, long thought to be extinct in these parts, has been forced underground to burrow deep within the creamy, cavern-like bowels of the B&D Emporium. Besieged by a vast array of enemies, namely the *reporticus alberticus*, *alberta redneckicus*, and, more recently, but perhaps most fiercely, the highly predatory copycat pleatherman, this peaceful creature has had to learn to rely more on instinctual urges than on his protective armor as he strives to recarve the niche he once held in a rapidly changing environment.

Being nocturnal, rarely does the leatherman venture out during the day, apart from the drought-ridden, desperate times during the dry

season, when roaming packs of leathermen have been seen walking in the sunlight, snowy hides ablaze, in voracious attempts to satiate their undying hunger for a little bit of cock-n-ball play. It was on a day like this when our crew discovered a ravenous group of leathermen of the Northern Chaps pack, lurking in a rocky-bottomed parking lot.

What rare and fine specimens they were. There were three gathered together, a young, striking, virile buck whom we affectionately named Max "Jail Bait" Graham, a bewitching, mature adult male with stunning and strong knee-high boots, dubbed Tom "Indisputably Recognized" Piccard, and the evident leader of the group, a wise and majestic submissive alpha, Stephen "Missy" Hosie. Fear of intruders flashed in their eyes as we approached them, and caution was mirrored in our own, but as we got closer, noisily scrambling up and around the boulder plain, we found them to be both friendly and social to outside intruders.

Revealed in the mating rituals of the leatherman is the distinct underlying notion of power-sharing, kink, and images of masculinity. On the prowl for masters and slaves, leathermen display coloured hankies in left and right pockets as uni-





versal markers used to communicate rank and status within the greater leatherman community. Equipped with static electric wands, cock-harnesses, butt-plugs, and bullwhips, dominant leathermen, the “tops”, engage in erotogenously-stylized mating rituals called “fantasies” or “scenarios,” with their submissive slaves, the “bottoms,” in sanctified spaces called “sandboxes.”

It should be noted, however, that leathermen cannot sexually reproduce within their community. But the leatherman population in the greater Edmonton area appears to be healthy, vigorous, and virile, with a little bit of sass on the side.

As we prepared to leave the leatherman camp later that day, dusk set in, and the leathermen

playfully walked over and straddled our photographer. Knowing that the leathermen would soon be preparing for their annual pilgrimage to Buddy’s to bathe in the glory of Black Solstice, we adoringly stroked their chaps, fondled their nipple rings, and licked their boots to demonstrate our love, compassion, and willingness to submit to their brazen masculinity.

In our short but pleasurable stay we learned to understand the leatherman’s propensity, and indeed, his instinctual drive, to play the field knowing that, as long as the field is intact, and as long as the leatherman can play, the tightly-clad phantom of the night will survive and thrive.

While scant evidence exists to support this theory, some scientists still posit the existence of the Fruit-Leatherman. Members of this proposed subspecies are thought to appear rarely as they are adversely effected by large variations in temperature that can either crack or melt their protective shells. They are also believed to be easy prey for other Leathermen who crave their sweet, sticky, vitamin-rich exteriors. If the Fruit-Leathermen did roam parking lots and night-clubs in the past, but have since disappeared, it is believed that they may have been licked into extinction.

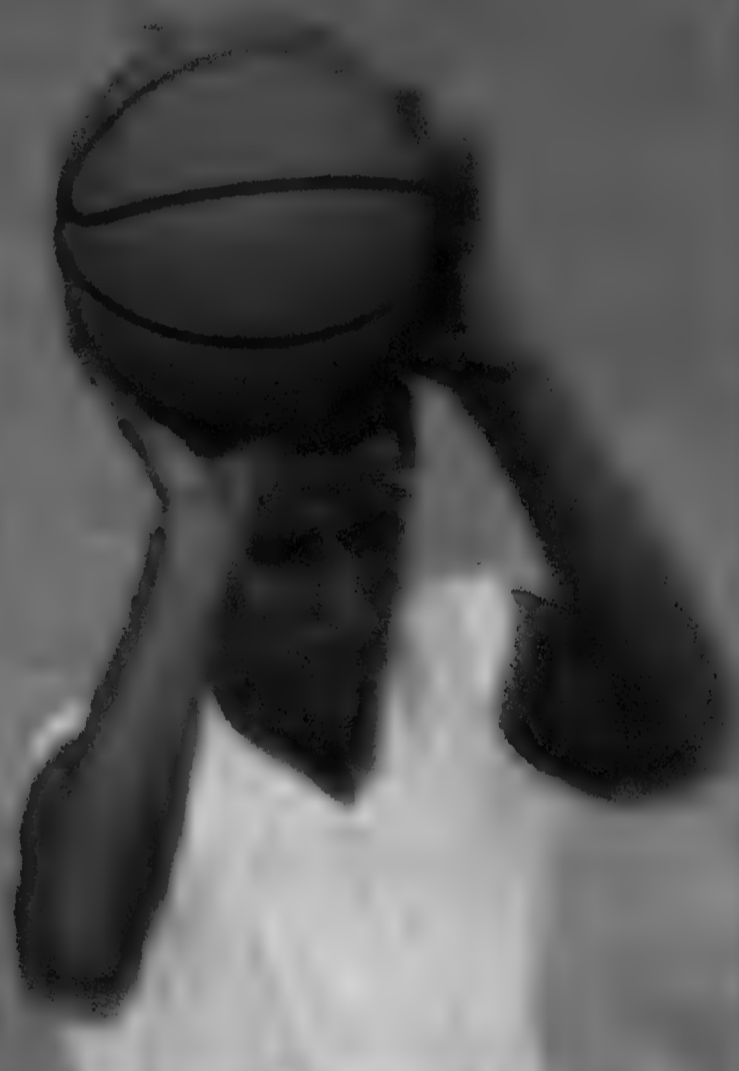
MORE ON OUR WEBSITE

For pictures and tips from photographer Chew-Long Dong, available exclusively on our website, got to nationalpornographic.ca/npm/0001. If you’re lucky he might give you a backrub too. Or a special “Dong” treat. Good luck!

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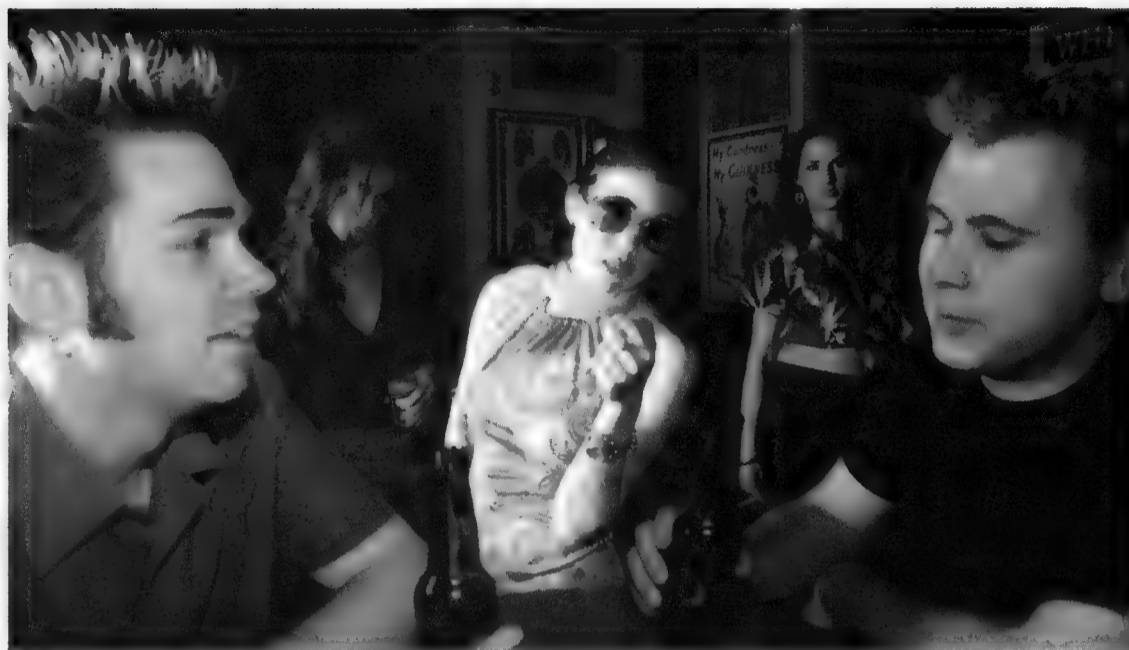
By Shaved Salamander-Dumb-Bell
Photographs by Chew-Long Dong

On the prowl ... **COUGARS!**

"Several minutes and several shooters later, the cougars had spotted their



prey. Two young bucks sat alone, drinking and talking about the XFL."



Sitting in the smoky, dimly-lit bar, the young males, barely in their twenties, are about to fall prey to the night's deadliest predators—the cougars. With their senses dulled from beer and the hypnotic glow of neon wall signs, the young studs don't sense that they are being watched. Mascara-laden eyes observe hungrily, waiting for precisely the right moment to strike.





By the time the hapless victims catch the overpowering scent of bargain perfume it is too late—the powerful females pounce. Before long, but still after a couple more cocktails, this fresh meat will be dragged back to the cougars' dens to be ravished until the intense hunger of the nightclub's fiercest predators is satiated.



HUNTED BY THE COUGAR

The North American cougar, *felis maneatus*, can be seen in virtually every nightclub and bar that serves both cocktails and young men. Hiding behind martini glasses and age-defying make-up, these women seek out virile men many years younger than themselves for recreational mating. While these aggressive felines are common, their hunting patterns have traditionally remained somewhat of a mystery.

On assignment for NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC, myself and photographers Oliver Joose and Sven Hjelfreese-Dover observed a small pride of cougars on a typical evening at a local pub.

After a couple of nights of keen observation and VLT playing, we thought that perhaps we had chosen the wrong habitat in which to conduct our research. Then, finally, on the third night—half-price Wednesday—three wily she-cats sauntered through the door. After procuring alcoholic beverages, we staked out a corner of the bar from which to observe potential prey.

The one with the sunglasses and scarf was clearly the leader, as indicated by her confident swagger and how quickly she could drink bottles of domestic beer. Although physically smaller, she appeared to be the most aggressive and thus we dubbed her Queen Stiletto.

To her right was the eldest cougar. Her age betrayed by tarnished drop earrings, a 1980s-era floral print halter top, and penchant for martinis



with fruit wedges, showed her to be the most reserved of the group. We named her Spanglor.

To the right of the queen was the tallest cougar. Her piercing eyes lent her a presence almost as great as that of Queen Stiletto, although tight acid-wash jeans prevented more aggressive posturing. Due to a lack of originality, we named her Pants. We suspected that a battle for leadership of the pride was imminent.

Several minutes and several shooters later, the cougars had spotted their prey. Two young bucks sat alone, drinking and talking about the XFL. Senses dulled by beer, and with common-sense dulled by youth, the wannabe bar-stars presented themselves as easy targets. From behind our photographer's blind, we were able to gain a rare glimpse of the hunt.

While many cougars prefer to hunt solo, these three were employed a pack technique which allowed them to approach from multiple angles—greatly diminishing the likelihood of the prey escaping. Queen Stiletto approached head on while the others circled about carefully—cutting off the paths of escape to both the washroom and the exit. As soon as one of the bucks pulled out a lighter, the cougars pounced, cigarettes in hand, sealing the fate of the young men.

While Pants and Queen Stiletto turned their attention to the one who could make fire, Spanglor whisked the other one away to an adjacent table where she would feed him drinks, priming him for the inevitable rutting.

At the first table, the action intensified as Queen Stiletto and Pants fought over their prey. Pants was not backing down from the leader and a challenge for dominance ensued. Claws extended and bright red lips pulled back in anger, a cat fight seemed imminent.

The stand-off went on for the better part of a minute—neither cougar willing to concede, and then, suddenly, an unexpected turn of events took place.

A flicker of movement from our cameraman's blind was caught in Pants' peripheral vision. She raised her head, and through the scent of her own faux-Liz Clairborne bodywash and pheromones, she picked up the scent of our cameraman.

Spotting the flash above Sven's erect zoom lens, she charged the blind with lustful abandon. Before the hapless photographer could escape, the cougar was on him. Pinned to the ground and trapped between her powerful thighs, he had little recourse but to submit, and was dragged off to her split-level condo downtown for a night of passionate humping.

The cougars were not to be denied. Sven was lost to their superior love-making techniques. Last seen dragged out of the bar sporting a giant grin on his face, he was later spotted getting out of a cab, smoking a cigarillo and singing the lyrics to Duran-Duran's "Maneater." The night's fiercest predators had satisfied their hunger once again.



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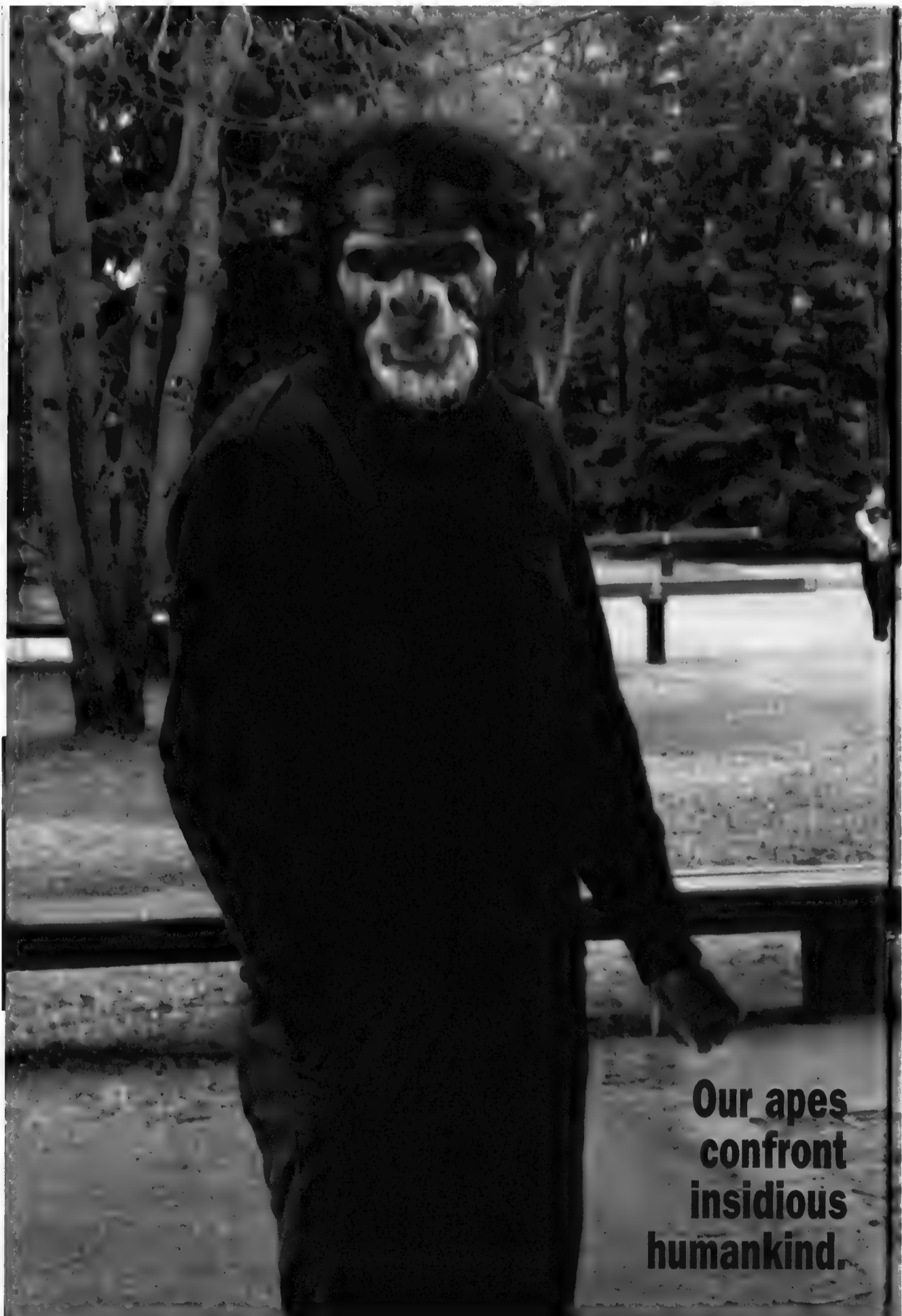
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THURSDAY
APR. 26TH
Red's

Hairless and Hopeless

By Adolphus Moysenhardt
Photographs by Bensecus Tincote

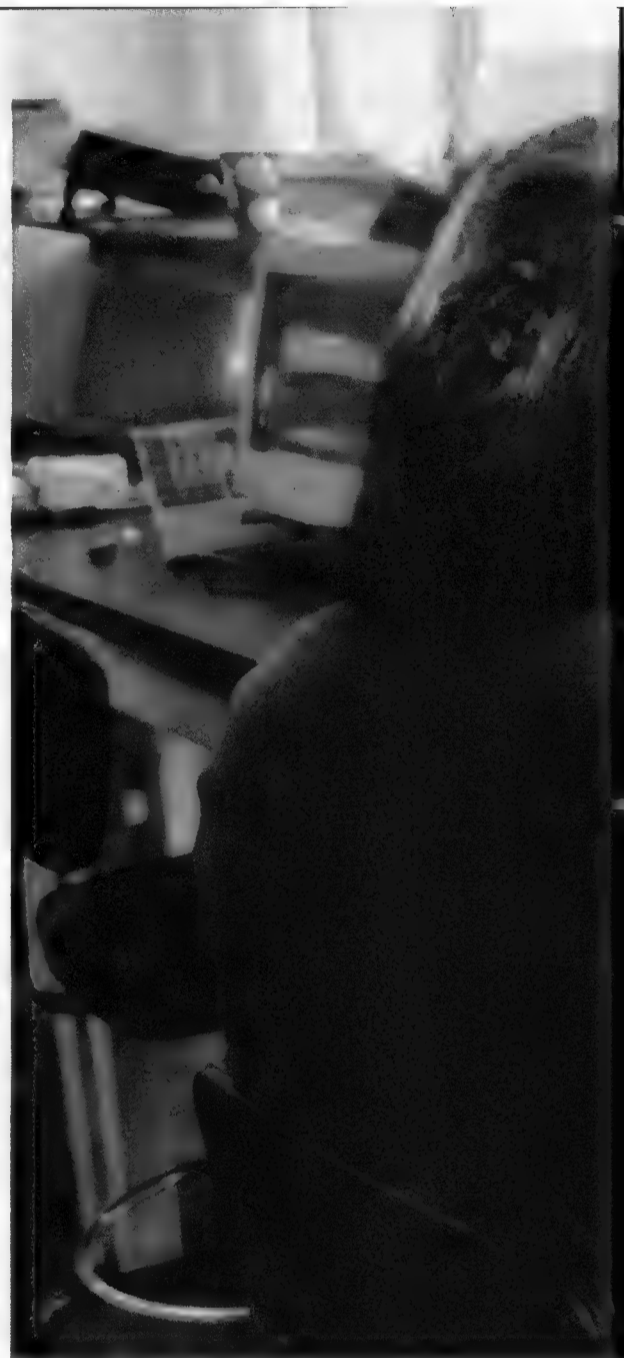
The night was clear and the stars shone brightly as Dr Adolphus Moysenhardt and a small team of lower apes set out on their expedition.

All was not well in the universe, however. After a vicious round of banana daiquiris, the acclaimed humanologist drifted off course through a wormhole and crash-landed on a small, blue-green planet. The team found itself midway through a harrowing voyage across a flat, arid land, where they stumbled upon an aberration: In the midst of miles of lifeless wheat and the rusted husks of old transportation units and strange wooden elevators, the found a species unlike any on the planet—the lowest order of primate, *Homo sapiens universalis*. These are beings whose behavior boggles the mind and whose appearance sends chills down the most silver of backs.

It was 11:45 a.m. human time, and we had arrived in what seemed like a oversized, underfunded ghost town. Hideously designed buildings stretched their unsightly heads toward the sky as newspaper pages filled with crudely drawn genitalia drifted forlornly across the cold ground. Somewhere, a baby cried. We found it and ate it. But this pastoral calm did not last.

As the hot sun reached its apex in the sky, teeming masses of odd, hairless, lemming-like creatures burst forth from the foreign institution's every orifice. Colorful plumage and bizarre costumes were accentuated by low drones of "Did you see *Friends* last night?" Barely-simian features stared down at us as though we were primitive beings. Where were the cool, shaded areas? The crystalline lakes? The bananas?

We were in the hive, amongst the tribes of humans, and things were about to descend into



chaos. Madly caught in the rush as though we were running with the kragbols in Draklar or provoking the sacred prostitutes of Krull's Temple, we found ourselves in the hallowed reaches of the Atrium, ancestral home of the vain and aggressive tribe known as "Business."

Found in pods of as many as ten individuals, Business tribesmen are virtually indistinguishable from each other in their appearance. There is very little variation in ceremonial garb of black button-up jackets, cuffed jeans, and inane shoulder bags. Tribe elders sport ties and slacks, commanding the respect of the more



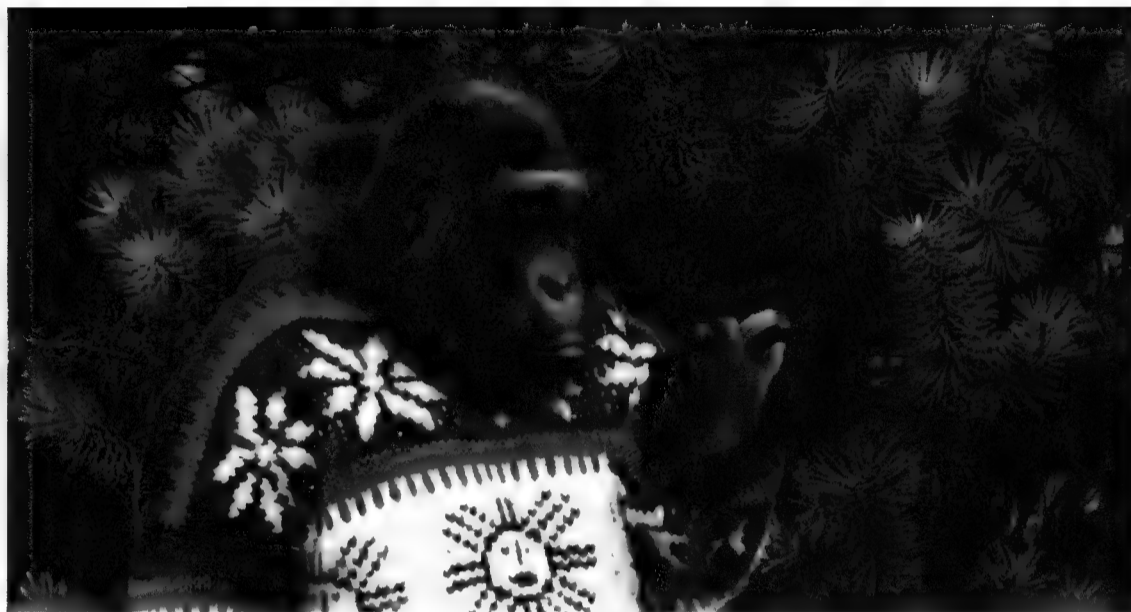
lowly number philosophers. Small communication devices sound in the morning air, ringing in the new dawn and arousing the annoyance of the unkempt, nihilistic, coffee-drinking Arts tribe, which grudgingly shares the territory.

Like pretentious lice on the ridiculously-coiffed hair of the Business tribe, Arts students swarm the narrow confines of the narrow HUB unit in search of compact smoke-tubes and health-depleting consumables. Taking our unfamiliar appearance to be a sign of "retro avant-garde chic," we are engaged in some primitive dialogue by one of their members.

CAMPUS OF THE APES

Apey McGoogleape attempts to download "The Bananaboat Song" from Napster, but finds to his dismay that human laws have forbidden him such joys. He soon abandons all hope for the species.

"Hey, dudes! did I see you at the last Raj Pannu rally? Totally post-modern, man." Our team convenes in brief confusion to speculate on this. What is this "Raj Pannu" they speak of? Perhaps a ceremony of sacrifice? A form of birth control? Or a deity of employment as a beacon of hope to these angst-ridden specimens? We will never



know, for suddenly, we are surrounded. Hordes of black-rimmed spectacles and ragged volumes of "Foucault" overwhelm us. Sensing danger, my assistant erupts: "Take your hands off me, you damn dirty humanoids!"

We escape, only to end up in a far worse place. The smell of chemicals and terrible food is pungent in the air. We have entered a structure called CAB. Could this stand for "Cautious Apes Beware?"

Here, members of the tribes monikered Science and Engineer mingle with one another, forming a swirling cesspool of socially-challenged hormones and acne. Within the tribe proper are many sub-groups scattered about. Strange wizards in white robes and plastic face-pieces wander the corridors as if in an altered state of mind, while haggard slaves of numbers work relentlessly at tables with the most rudimentary of calculations.

They carry with them hand tools with number keys on them, large, bound tomes and bizarre sandwiches with writing on them, loosely translating in our language to "Monarch of Pressed-Meat," or, in their dialogue, "Burger King."

Speech emanating from these creatures is fragmented and strange. Exclamations of words like "proton," "flux capacitor," "Van Halen," and "severe virginity" can be heard echoing through the halls of the vacuous structure.

Although intriguing, and strangely lacking a banana flavor, the "Tim Horton" comestible liquids will have to wait for further study. Fearing for our

Uncertain whether to emulate the communication-device-using ways of the Business tribe or the woolen-sweater-wearing ways of the Agriculture and Forestry tribes, one of the apes looks lost.

sanity, morality and chastity in the land of unsatisfied sexual angst, we flee.

The sterility of science suddenly gives way to a sanctuary of rich foliage curiously locked away in a building called "Agriculture and Forestry." All is not as it seems, however, as from out of nowhere comes the battle-cry: "Hey, that cup's not biodegradable, you capitalist earth-raper!" Despite our best efforts at camouflage with colorful woolen tunics and portable ringing devices, the watchful eye of the earth-lover sees all.

The trees are alive with the unkempt legions of the Hippie, and we have fallen right into their environmentally-friendly trap. Suddenly enclosed, we fear it is over. But then, miraculously, one pauses, squints his eyes in what appeared to be thought, and intones, "Whoa, check out those beards!"

They have accepted us into their tribe, and we are invited to participate in their sacred rituals of herbal inflammation and listening to music called "Phish." One of our team becomes proficient at the art of "hacky sack."

Having seen enough of these sub-primate tribes, our journey draws to a close. We made the trek back out across the plains to our ship, cleverly hidden beneath a straw-like substance (possibly straw). Further exploration seems futile, and as we rise above the hazy skyline, our team takes a moment to stare in wonderment at the obsolete mazes of filth below.

MORE ON OUR WEBSITE
Voices from outer space: Hear the noises that apes and humans make, as recorded by whale researchers, at nationalpornographic.ca/npm/0104.

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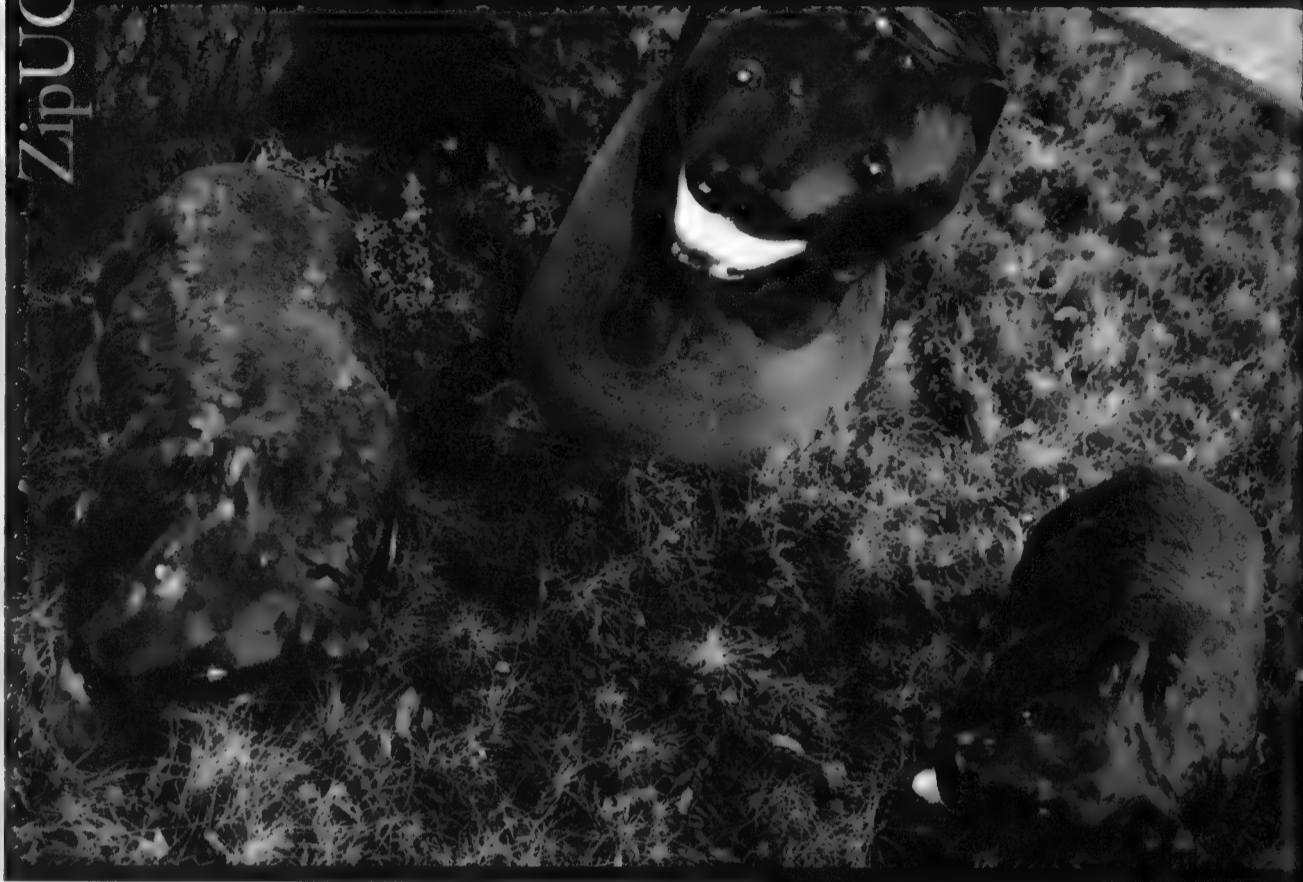
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SLAMDUNK OHIO!, INDIANA



8361 π

BY SHAVED SALAMANDER & ENRICO FORKELSON
NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC SENIOR WRITERS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARKUP WENCH
NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER



The Worst Town Ever

This month we visit the exotic Slamdunk Ohio, Indiana, a town filled with crazy old nin-nies, naked drunkards, and gas-sniffing shop owners. While on assignment, our writers were "peer-pressured" by two local youths to try a thing called a "curly squirrel."

"It was amazing. I've never felt that way before. Despite the morning sickness the morning after, I've never felt better, exclaimed Enrico Forkelson. "We're going back next week."



SLAMDUNK OHIO!, INDIANA

Unlike its name suggests, Slamdunk Ohio! is in fact in the middle of Indiana—but its paradoxical name can't prevent its small-town charm from shining through. "It's a good-natured town, filled with down-home family values, apple pie à la mode, and scads of crossdressers" says Slamdunk Ohio!'s oldest resident, 91-year-old Mildred Hedcheese.

"The only thing you gotta worry 'bout is sometimes, your boyfriend just might be your first cousin. Oh, and watch out for the lynch mobs."



However, time in Slamdunk Ohio! doesn't pass at a small-town pace. Due to a beautification plan initiated in 1965, frighteningly eerie murals line the impressive brick walls of this sleepy town. "The art teacher at the elementary school painted those things before he was sent to the asylum," explains Mildred. "They said he was suffering through some kind of religious frenzy on account of a fever in his brain—he was fine after the lobotomy and few of months of rigourous tapioca enemas."

I told her I was going to poo my dungarees. She said she didn't care. So I did poo my dungarees. She still didn't care. I knew my downfall was imminent.

Another local attraction is the huge statue of a shaved dog riding a horse standing proudly before the Slamdunk Ohio! town hall. Legend has it that the statue was erected by town founder Ohio! Murphy in memory of his faithful bichon frisé, Todd. No one is allowed to photograph the statue seeing as it is worshipped as a deity by the local 4-H Club.

One of many murals adorning Slamdunk Ohio!'s town walls. The murals are not very good.



Slamdunk Ohio!, INDIANA

8361π

POPULATION: 5,057

MEANING OF SLAMDUNK OHIO!:
"Good place for 7-11"

MOST FAMOUS ADDRESS:
69 Cedar Oak Way, home of your friend and lover, Nel Carter

MOST UNWANTED VISITOR:
Nel Carter, now a rampant alcoholic wanders the streets with a bottle of cheap rum wearing nothing but cowboy boots and a cowboy hat

LARGEST WAIST SIZE OF NEL CARTER DURING SLAMDUNK OHIO!'s ANNUAL PIE FEST: 56

MOST FAMOUS BAD 80s ACTOR:
Nel Carter, still remembered for her famous role in *Gimme A Break* as the infamous "Nel"

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS A YEAR WARM ENOUGH TO WANDER TOWN VIRTUALLY NAKED AND COMPLETELY FUCKING DRUNK, DRESSED IN, YOU GUESSED IT, ONLY A COWBOY HAT AND COWBOY BOOTS:
Nel manages 365 in comparison to the accepted average of 217

Slamdunk Ohio! is also the birthplace of the pasta scooter. Legions of children glide through the streets on these marvels of modern science, bringing Slamdunk Ohio! into the twenty-first century of sneaker-aided Italian foodstuff transportation technology.

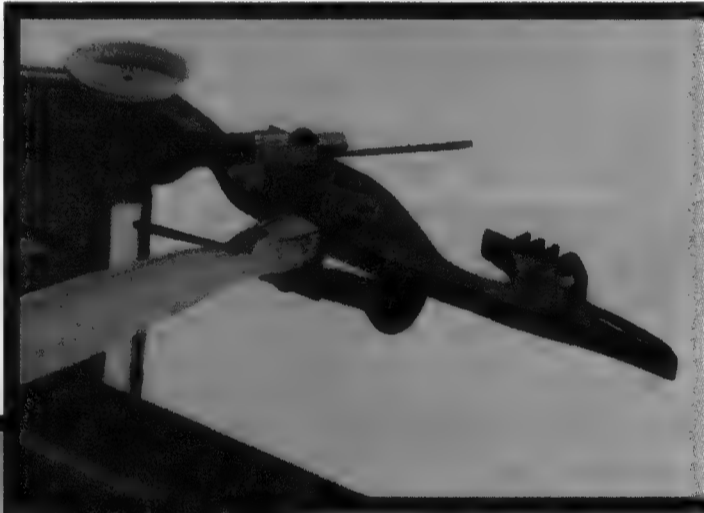
Made entirely out of pasta and airplane glue, and painted to resemble metal, the scooters are popular among local children who have no friends and must escape rapidly from bullies.

Up until last August, the town's first tortellini and uncooked lasagna street cruiser could be viewed at the Slamdunk Ohio! Museum of This You Should Care About. Unfortunately, it was accidentally dropped into a hot tub during the town's annual Hefner Appreciation Festival. The town is currently doing fundraising to have a replica built out of nachos, corn chips, and tasty, tasty "hot" salsa.

Moving into the twentieth century hasn't been easy for Slamdunk Ohio!, however. The construction of the town's first 7-11 has raised the sugar and caffeine consumption level to unprecedented levels. "Kids are wreaking pasta scooter-aided havoc while hopped up on them 'Slurpee' thingies," says Able Diddler, the town's only librarian and thrice-convicted flasher, "Today it's pop-rocks but before you know it, it'll be crack-cocaine and then we'll all go to dope-hell. By the way, do you want to see my one-eyed trouser snake"?

Slurpee addictions and wandering strangers notwithstanding, not much has changed in Slamdunk, Ohio! since its founders slaughtered an entire tribe of indigenous people and clear-cut acres of 1000-year-old trees to build its modest structures. "We like it here," insists a frantic Diddler, "and we don't want none of you city-folk messing us up." He adds incongruously, "Does anyone wanna go huff gas"?

Slamdunk Ohio!, Indiana, like many other towns in North America, has many houses, each of which have several doors and distinct "house numbers." Town bylaws require each house also sport one broken window and shitty eeko-eyed yard ornaments.



MORE INFORMATION
ON OUR WEBSITE There's more on 83617 next week at dinner or at nationalpomographic.ca/npm/0004. Tell us why we should cover YOUR FAVORITE ZIPPER at nationalpomographic.ca/npm/zipcode or mail your suggestion to 0-10 SUB, Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2J7. E-mail zip@nationalpomographic.ca

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ONE THAT WOULDN'T GO AWAY

Final Edit



MARK MESSIER

PEDOPHILE COUNTY, ARKANSAS

Big Motherfucking Cat

This gigantic feline, hoisted proudly here by his owner, Dabney Coleman, is big. Look at it. Big? You bet. Still, we couldn't figure out how to fit this into, well, any part of this magazine. When asked if he was able to fathom the sheer girth of his house pet, Coleman responded: "I don't know. I've seen bigger, I guess. Take Eartha Kitt, for example. She was bigger than this ungainly bastard. Or Michelle Pfeiffer." It was unclear if Coleman was trying to be funny, or was just unable to discern between actual cats and people who have played Catwoman in the various *Batman* installments. The photo was taken by staff photographer Mark Messier, who used the latest in interior cat-picture-taking technology, including a state-of-the-art "lens" and a light-emitting "flash." He adds, "I also photoshopped the living fuck out of it, as the cat was actually pretty small in real life."

YOU CAN TOUCH MY THIGH, CALL ME "YOLINDA," AND MAKE SWEET, SWEET LOVE TO ME WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED AT nationalpornographic.ca/npm/finaledit/0104.

You can touch my thigh, call me "Yolinda," and make sweet, sweet love to me with your eyes closed at nationalpornographic.ca/npm/finaledit/0104.

ON ASSI

ON THE TABLE, IN THE BACKSEAT, U



Gratuitous Cleavage, Anyone?

PORNOGRAPHIC photographers never sleep alone—especially in countries where the expense accounts go a long way. Photoessayist Aldo Junbar (above) figures he's seen more boobs than sit in the Senate.

"The trick is big lenses,"

says Aldo. "Really, really long, thick lenses. Chicks dig those."

Aldo has photographed shirtless women on all seven continents, including Antarctica. "Nude models are a little harder to find in the cold, but it really perks up their nipples," Aldo says.

Aldo's photography has appeared in all sorts of naturalist magazines. His work also appeared starred in *Areolae*, the top-grossing IMAX movie of 1996. He made a cameo appearance in that film as the botanist-cum-candlemaker who, um, makes candles.



IGNOMENIT

u ER THE COVERS. WHEREVER YOU LIKE

TOTALLY ICKY

Hopefully Not in the Family

Looks like a bag of dicks

Danger lurks in every corner when stalking the elusive cougar. After three years of bartending at Edmonton, Alberta's premier lame nightclub, The Purple Onion, intrepid and virile photojournalist Sven Hjeltfreese-Dover knows the ins and outs of dealing with this cunning creature perhaps better than anyone. "I knew how she would approach," he says wryly, "but I let my guard down and one of her paws smelled my fear." What ensued was a terrifying dance of resistance against her powerful, predatory instincts that left Sven exhausted. "I'm just glad that I got out with my pants on."

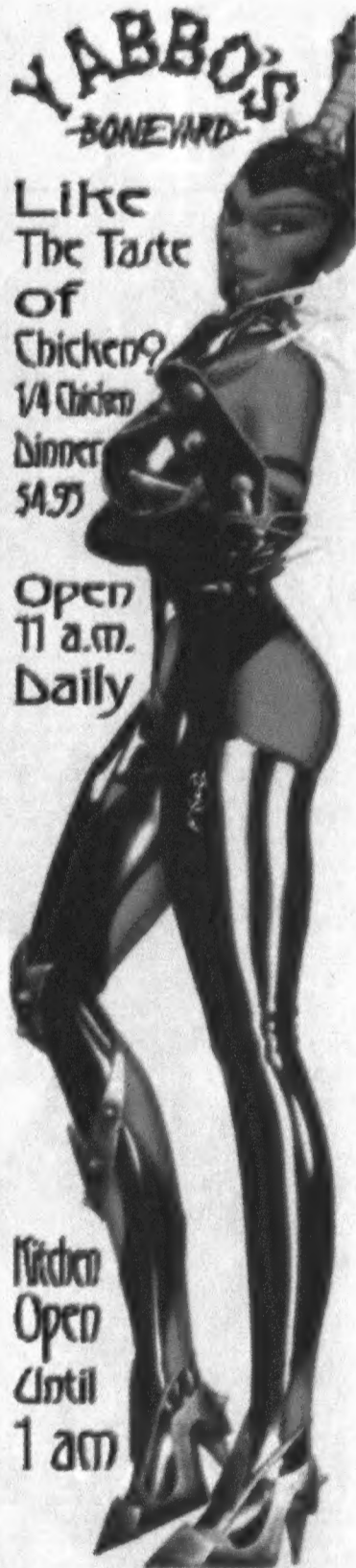
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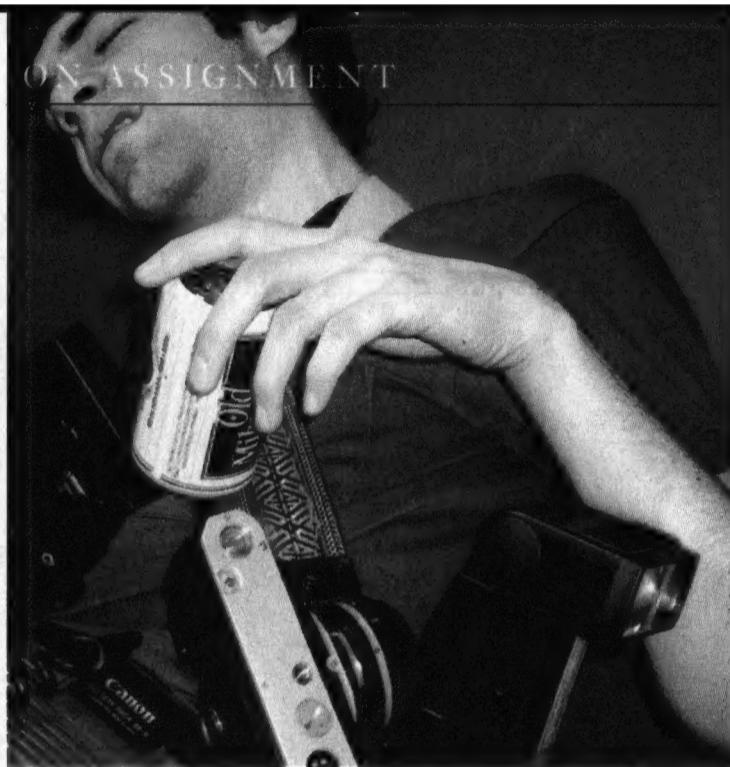
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ON ASSIGNMENT



DAKE RUGHUMPER

BACK TO NARNIA

Nonsense, Please?

Unable to cover any assignment without all 35 of his cameras around his neck, Wilson shot four rolls of the Special Olympics Sluts feature before opting for "just one

alcoholic beverage." One thing led to another and our poor friend lapsed back into his old alcoholic tendencies.

"Before I knew it, I lost my balance. All I remember was waking up in the lap of a pogo-stick basketball player," said Wilson, frantically scrubbing his hands with developer.

WORLDWIDE

"I never thought I'd make it through the night," said photographer **Ralph Nickels** after being captured by man-eating natives deep in the Amazon rain forest. "They ate my balls the first night, but after that they left me pretty much alone," said Ralph before crying uncontrollably.

"The chaos and destruction was unlike anything I had ever seen," said reporter **Kevin Mackey** after riding out an earthquake on the monsoon-ridden coast of Bangladesh. Kevin quickly called in fellow reporter **Jessica Liven** to help in the recovery effort of a 43-floor apartment complex. They turned disaster into fortune. "We must've hauled in three Rolexes, a couple nice cameras, four VCRs and at least 100 million taka [Bangladesh currency] in

pocket money from the debris," said Mackey. "The money was only worth \$16 back home, but we pawned wedding rings until we had enough to us both completely fucking ripped."

Danger exists not only for those on location, but sometimes in the wild jungle of today's modern office. In the midst of typesetting and proofing, **Enrico Forkelson** mistakenly reached for his stapler instead of his mouse. A nasty pinprick subsequently occurred on the inside of his index finger. Luckily, 18 PORNOGRAPHIC photographers were on hand to capture the moment.

FOLLOW OUR WEBSITE

Find out more stories about cats, robots, and pants on assignment at nationalpornographic.ca/npm/0401.

FROM OUR ARCHIVES

Flashback



PARK WARDEN

TO ZAMBANIA AND BEYOND

The New French Look

First appearing in our premiere issue in 1888, this daguerreotype of Captain Phineas J. Chestleworth was taken just before he embarked on his exploration of the innermost reaches of Outer Zambania. His article, "In Pursuite of the Elusive Negroe," found him making some of the first recorded observations of "a most curious creature, resembling in most respects a man such as you or I, yet which cannot converse readily on the matter of our Gracious Queen, nor does it exhibit the slightest interest in tea. I postulate it may be some hitherto un-known variety of Frenchman." Chestleworth reported that attempts to teach them cricket were "a frightful muddle," a failure which compounded the "most bothersome nuisance" that ultimately resulted in the deaths of two-thirds of his porters from diphtheria. Although the party failed to capture a live specimen, two exemplary samples collected by Chestleworth were mounted in the lobby of the National Pornographic Society's Washington offices, where they remained until 1986, when it was realized that this was probably in very bad taste.

MORE ON OUR WEBSITE

You can send flowers and a chocolate bar as an electronic greeting card at nationalpornographic.ca/npm/flashback/0006.

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- 5) Kelly and Her Fellow Trees
- 6) Trish and Her Herd Of Aggies
- 7) Roachie Boy's Chem Engineers
- 8) Aisha and The Panda Soccer Team
- 9) Martha and Her Panda Hockey
- 10) Tigger and All The SH Hacks
- 11) Lisa, Heidi and Redlion Hockey
- 12) Jay and The Media Groups
- 13) Joel and The Swimmers
- 14) All Boda Athletes and Co-Rec Teams
- 15) Anyone Else But You

The Ratt staff wish everyone good luck on their exams, have a safe summer, save plenty of money and see you all in September to shop MMCo!